STRONGER THAN EVER

# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 108. [ PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY. ] WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 26TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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# The Modern Man

*I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.*—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 108. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 26TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

## TYPES OF MONEYLENDERS.

Men are gradually waking up nowadays to he fact that the moneylender is not a philan-ropist; so that it is dawning on that astute nancier that he must devise something new. The latest dodge is for the usurer to adver-se in papers of a good class describing him-lf as having been to a public school and one f the big universities. He boasts, therefore, at he treats borrowers as gentlemen. Why e shouldn't we don't know; but, at any rate, e bait is an attractive one. Men who would ot patronise the ordinary type of moneylender o to him.

Perhaps the vilest form of moneylender is e woman usurer, who fattens on the wives f working-men, who know nothing of the ansactions until their homes are ruined.

## HINGS THAT MAKE MOST MEN SWEAR SOFTLY.

When an elderly lady, sucking pepper-ints, gets into your smoking-carriage, and sists on putting the windows up.

* * *

When you are half inside a moving train, nd an officious porter pulls you out again, nd demands that you shall give him your ame and address.

* * *

When you are taking a walk with Tomlin-on, and the child of some strange woman, hom you have most certainly never seen efore, points a grubby finger at you and ays "Daddy!"

* * *

When every letter on your plate at break-ast time starts: "Dear Sir,—Unless we eceive . . . . . "

* * *

When you find that you have lost your last alf-sovereign through a hole in your pocket.

## SPECIALISTS IN SPORT.

Perhaps there is no more boring person to he average man than the individual who is a pecialist in one form of sport.

Perhaps he is a footballer; and if this is , you will hear nothing but accounts of how "sprinted along the wing, and just managed to swing the pill over for Brown to core. . . . " and so on and so forth. Is he a icketer? His talk will never wander from he wicket, and the outfield.

Such men give us a pain, for there is only he subject worth talking about—and that's illiards. Now, when we were playing Des-ond at the club the other night, we were 60 his 85, but at our next visit to the table—— [Shut up! Haven't you ever heard of the ote and the beam.—ED.]

## CHEEK.

Charity is not the only thing that covers a multitude of sins. The taxi-cab is pretty useful in that direction, too.

* * *

Says May Edgington in a new novel: "To be short of pounds is rather good for one, but to be short of bobs is bitter." And flat bitter at that.

* * *

Mr. Robert Loraine should be in great demand for "flying matinées."

* * *

Mme. Yvette Guilbert says that "a woman ought not to indulge in humour at her husband's expense." We have always understood that so long as it is at his expense, she will indulge in anything.

* * *

Mr. Vaughan Dryden whimsically inquires: "One can quite see the point of trimming costumes with rubber; but what are the women whose husbands made the money in oil going to do?" We venture to suggest oilskins.

* * *

The new Lord Mayor of London is a tee-totaller. The man who sends us any more jokes about teeturtle banquets in the City will be roughly handled by our Fighting Editor.

* * *

"M.A.P." wants to know why a clergyman who witnessed the Alhambra ballet recently did so with his coat collar turned up. We suppose his idea was that if his Bishop saw him, he would get it in the neck.

* * *

"I avoid scares," says Lord Charles Beresford, but according to our tame moralist, the happiest man is he who avoids cares.

* * *

Says a weekly paper: "Most legal luminaries boast faces as smooth as their tongues." A good many of them, though, crack jokes as hairy as their wigs.

* * *

A music-hall comedian playfully styles himself "The Nib." A playgoer who doesn't like his turn says that he splutters too much.

* * *

At a recent conference of typists it was agreed that men are nicer in their offices than in their homes. *Who told them?*

* * *

On reaching the United States recently, Sir William Treloar was asked whether he were a male or a female. This Le Neve business must have turned the officials' heads.

* * *

"Many a strong attachment," says Mr. Nortiboy, "begins with a week ending."

J. S. COX.

## TACKLING A HOOLIGAN.

Hooligans as a rule confine their attentions to old and decrepit men, and work in couples, but occasionally a single rough will tackle a vigorous man.

A police inspector gave me the following tip for dealing with him:

It is no use trying a fair stand-up fight with a hooligan, for he is not going to observe Queensberry rules, and if he once gets you down he will have no compunction in kicking you—possibly to death. Your best chance is to get him down first and then to clear out before he has had time to recover.

As he comes at you, drop down on both knees, and seize the bottom ends of his trousers; a sharp tug will then inevitably bring him down on his back.

## WHEN WE SMILE.

When we see a six-foot-two thin man going along arm-in-arm with a five-foot-three fat one.

* * *

Or a four-foot District Messenger boy taking home a Merry Widow Hat.

* * *

When Jones walks under a ladder, to show that *he* doesn't believe it's unlucky, and a large wet paint-brush falls on his new bowler.

* * *

When we are broke, and a man we haven't seen for months touches us on the shoulder with the words "I owe you a fiver. Here you are."

* * *

When the newsboy hands us the latest copy of THE MODERN MAN.

* * *

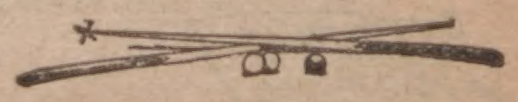
When we toss Higginbotham to see who pays for two lunches and drinks, and Higginbotham has the good sense to lose.

## BILLIARD CHALK.

Amateur players use both too little and too much chalk; too little because they do not chalk their cues often enough, too much because when they do use it they lay it on, so to speak, with a trowel.

The cue-tip should be chalked lightly and delicately, particular attention being paid to the edges. After chalking give the cue a light rap against the side of the table so as to knock off any loose grains. Many players chalk the cue itself about a foot from the tip, but if you do this be careful not to rub the chalk up and down the cue but round it, otherwise you are apt to make the cue rough.

A little chalk rubbed into the fork and side of the thumb will help to make the cue work easily across the bridge.



# SHADY BOOKMAKERS

## A WARNING.

One hears a good deal about defaulting punters, but they are greatly outnumbered by welshing bookmakers, more particularly of the Starting Price type.

"Wrong 'uns" of bookies are not unknown on racecourses, and, indeed, it is high time that race executives took drastic steps to cleanse the cheap rings. But these rascals flourish chiefly in offices, whence they issue alluring circulars and handsomely "got up" books of rules.

Most of them advertise "no limit" and profess to give certain advantages seldom given by honest bookmakers, as, for example, "1, 2, 3" betting when there are less than eight runners.

You will usually find, however, that when you back a long-priced one, you will have great difficulty in collecting your money.

One plan is to deny that the telegram was ever received, and thus to put you to the trouble of proving that it was delivered.

A more usual dodge is to make a mistake in your account, an error, it need hardly be said, not in your favour. Instead of a cheque you receive a debit account against some other and probably fictitious person. By the time you have protested and the "bookie" has "had time to go through his accounts" the best part of the week has gone. Probably you have gone on betting on the strength of your winnings, and quite as probably you have lost.

Settlement is deferred till the following week, by which time you have lost either the whole or the greater part of your winnings, and in the end, if the bookie has to pay out at all, the sum is very small, which is just what he wanted, having no substantial capital.

On the other hand, if you are still lucky and continue to win, then the bookie will simply tell you that he does not mean to pay and defy you to do your worst. And precious little you can do unless he is a member of Tattersall's, or of a good sporting club, which is not at all likely.

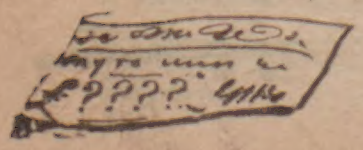
Of course, if he operates in a small neighbourhood, you can make it too hot to hold him, but most of these rascals have town addresses, and it is useless to try to show them up.

Even if you succeed in exposing them, they simply disappear and resume operations under another name.

These rogues rely on the fact that many men do not wish it known that they bet, and, therefore, will not sue them. Legal proceedings, of course, are useless, except in the way of exposing the welsher, for he has merely to plead the Gaming Act.

If you want to be reasonably safe, deal only with a bookmaker who is a member of Tattersall's, and don't accept his statement that he is one without verifying it.

R. T. BAKER.



# MORE ABOUT FREEMASONS.

## A FURTHER EXPOSURE OF SHAMS "ON THE SQUARE."

*[Owing to the great interest aroused by our recent article on "The Fraud of Freemasonry," I have commissioned a further contribution on the subject by the same writer. I draw your attention also to my notes on this subject on page* 12.—EDITOR.]

Ever since the publication of my first article on Freemasonry, which appeared in THE MODERN MAN a week or two back, a large number of letters have reached this office dealing with the subject—a certain small proportion endorsing my statements in every particular, but the great majority inveighing against them in the feeble terms of impotent anger. I am glad to be able to say, however, that none of them could refute any of my contentions.

What I said before, I repeat now in even stronger terms.

Freemasonry is of no practical use to anybody, and to many Masons it even militates against successful advancement in the world.

It is undeniable that a great many men become members of the "craft" because they think that, in times of prosperity, brothers will do their best to put increased business in their way, and that, should evil times arise, these brothers will rally round and put the stricken Mason upon his feet again.

### BECOMING A HANGER-ON.

In this last respect a man joins a lodge in a distinctly weak spirit. In a sense, though he does not admit the fact to himself at the time, he is forfeiting a certain amount of the fighting spirit, without which no man can succeed in life nowadays. He does not realise that in the event of an unforeseen set-back he will degenerate into a "hanger-on," a wretched dependent on the charity of his more fortunate fellows.

The writer, were space available, could mention a score of men, among his own acquaintances, who have fallen from good positions in business to a state of helpless and hopeless destitution, solely for the reason that they were contented, at the time of their misfortune, to live upon the periodical doles of their richer brother Masons.

Only three or four years ago, R.F. (I will give him his actual initials), an acquaintance of the writer's, was the manager of a public-house in the Westminster district at a large salary. He was a member of the writer's own lodge. After a time, the house he was managing changed hands, a new staff was engaged, and R.F. lost his situation, though he was given excellent references by his old employers.

### SLIDING DOWNWARDS.

At that time he made a round of the members of his lodge and borrowed from each a few shillings to keep him going until he got another engagement, and at first the response was sufficiently cordial to prevent him from looking too earnestly for fresh work.

Though the supply of shillings dwindled very quickly, the vigilance of his search for employment was by no means increased. From good lodgings he moved into cheaper ones; and now he is living precariously in common lodging-houses, earning stray shillings by casual clerical work for one or two bookmakers who belong to the lodge of which he was once a member.

He will do no more good in life now. He is a broken man—broken by Freemasonry.

Another broken Freemason, R.P., is well-know in Maiden Lane, a narrow thoroughfare on the north side of the Strand, where the waifs and strays of the theatrical world are wont to congregate.

At one time a well-to-do theatrical manager, he suffered the inevitable run of bad luck, his ventures turned out "frosts," and losing money, he lost the power of fighting.

He subsisted for a time on the precarious assistance of Masonic friends; but soon these began to ask if he thought they had "adopted him"—and finally supplies dried up altogether.

He made no attempt to struggle against adversity; and now he is one of the most degraded of men—one who lives on the immoral earnings of women.

There are certain Masonic charities which undoubtedly do good, but certainly no more good than, if as much as, others of the same kind which have no connection with the "craft."

### WHEN A MASON IS DOWN.

The fact is that Masons "have no use for" Masons who have no money. When a Mason is "down" his "brothers" may for a time be worth sums ranging from half-a-crown to a sovereign, according to their financial position, but no man who is a man wants assistance of this kind. If he is out of work, he wants his brother Masons to find him employment—but this hardly any of them are inclined to do.

In the few rare cases in which they do so it is usually with the object of getting a cheap bargain for themselves—to obtain, in fact, a sort of sweated labourer. Such a case is within the writer's personal knowledge.

A Masonic bookmaker of his acquaintance heard of the case of an old man—a Mason—who had been dismissed from a head clerkship, on the score of old age, by a big business firm (*most of the heads of which, mark you, were Masons*). The bookie interested himself in the old man's case, with the result that the poor old man, who has a wife and family, is now working from 9.30 a.m. to 6 or 7 p.m. for that bookmaker, at a wage which the youngest junior in the City would turn up his attenuated nose at.

### COMMERCIAL GOSSIP.

One of the most sacred obligations of a Mason, as set forth in one of the rituals, is that no Mason should utter or listen to any statement detrimental to the honour or reputation, and so on, of any brother Mason; but, to the writer's own personal knowledge, this is regarded with a levity that amounts almost to impudence.

In a congregation of business Masons, if one is in temporary financial difficulties and tries to negotiate a confidential loan, he will be very badly advised indeed. In the first place, he probably won't get it, and in any case the fact that he is hard pressed will be common knowledge among the circle of "brethren" before the day is out. If you are in such a position, and you require a temporary advance, go to anyone but a brother Mason in business.

### PENALTIES I AM INCURRING.

By the way, I am well aware that as a result of my first and this article, I am rendering myself liable to all sorts of ghastly penalties. Among other cheerful things, I might have my throat cut from ear to ear, my heart torn out by the roots, and my body buried within a certain distance of where the tide ebbs and flows once in every twenty-four hours.

But somehow, the prospect does not alarm me much.

S. W.

A SKETCH.

# A SELF-MADE MAN.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

The great men of this world are not always the tallest. Napoleon was not a tall man—neither was Herbert Whisk. His nicknames when he was traveller for the big iron firm were either "Little 'Erb" or "Small Whisky."

But some of those men who spoke of him in that manner are still on his pay-sheet, drawing in some cases as much as thirty shillings on Saturdays. But you could not put down "Small Whisky's" income at less than ten times so many pounds per week, if you divided it up in that way.

I am still honoured as an acquaintance of the great little man's in these latter days. I know him now he is rich. I knew him when he was happy.

I figure him first of all as a man of much gaiety and benevolence. His sons were my little friends." We were at the age that delights in clambering over house-tops, climbing trees, exploring wondrous lands that have been made as enchanted countries because of the notice "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted." My friends' father could conduct us over these lands of forbidden delight, through woods and a-down sylvan pathways where we might have expected to meet Puck had we known him as anything but a favourite character at fancy dress balls.

In those days, his coming greatness had begun to cast its shadow over him. His house was just outside the provincial city, where his firm had its now famous works. (If you mention that city in these days, people identify it as the place where those works are.)

Mr. Whisk used to drive in a gig to and fro. If his boys (who invariably travelled first-class with their third-class school-season) met him driving out of the city in the evening he would take them with him and laugh and talk to them all the way home. But when he became the manager with a room very much his own things changed.

He was making money. He had no time to make happiness.

Thus, on occasions when I was privileged to drive homewards with him, I was warned by his sons "not to talk to the guv'nor." He drove looking forward into the largely-designed Future.

Thus, gradually, the happiness went out of the life of Herbert Whisk. They made him a partner. His house became as ordered as the office. No longer could one play cricket in the hall or run clattering over the great old house.

His wife, ever a retiring little woman, became merely the manageress of his house.

The last glimpse I had of him as a boy was in their moving days—when they went farther out of the city to a magnificent house with a park surrounding it. 'Twas said that "Old Whisk" had got one of the finest houses in the county. And all the time his manageress was fixing it up he stayed at an hotel in the city. They sent him a postcard when all was ready. And for the last time he drove out of the city that night in the gig.

In the garage at home there was a gorgeous motor-car. . . .

My own self-making took me elsewhere. I never heard that motor-car's "whizz." It was one of the first of the silent cars and a wonder to the countryside. "Little Whisk" did not have it because it was a wonder. It allowed him to think all the way to and from the works. Its "whizz" was soothing; there were no rumbling to interfere with his calculations or disturb the throbbing of the grey matter in that shiny dome of his brain.

It was years after when I saw him again. I was staying in the village near his great house, and remembering my old friendship with his sons, I called one autumn evening.

It was my first view of the House. I waited in the hall that was full of the trophies of the chase (his eldest daughter and his boys followed the hounds). The maid returned with my card. Mrs. Whisk would see me. . . . I heard thin, piping tones by my elbow and realised how tall I had grown or how very small was little, grey-haired Mrs. Whisk. She extended a thin hand to me. She was muffled in everything; it was difficult to hear her speak. The whole of the house seemed one slice of silence in a world of movement. The servants stole over the thick velvet pile carpet, and I became aware presently of the oldest boy, my old friend, standing near me . . .

"You remember this young man," said his mother. "This is—Frank."

"Oh, yes, Frank," said the eldest son, merely smiling pleasantly.

A hearty smack of the back might have brought down the house, I supposed, but anyway there was no mistaking the fact that he was pleased to see me. . . . I looked around the silent place. I wondered how long Mr. Whisk had been dead. . . .

Then said Mrs. Whisk:

"Herbert will be home presently. Sit here. He may remember you, but if not ——"

She looked at her son.

"Don't tax his brain," said he. "You'll understand when you see him."

"You'll stay and have some dinner with us, won't you?" said the wizened little woman, and she rustled off again.

Outside, a steam landaulette drew up, and two servants opened the great doors. In the background Mrs. Whisk stood to receive the self-made man, her head a little bowed respectfully—yes, that's it, *respectfully*. The subdued light of softly shaded electric lamps shed a luminant effulgence in the hall. The two servants, I noticed, were relieving Something of its hat, coat, and stick. And then the light showed it full, shining on the pink-skinned glistening Brain—the Brain on legs. . . . It was no longer Mr. Whisk. His features had contracted to nothingness. There was the bald dome of the brain and from that no face to speak of. He walked on in a preoccupied fashion, his hands caught behind his bent back.

I did not move, but his little glints of eyes caught sight of me. He stood near me some seconds and studied me.

"Oh, it's—Frank," he said in accents that seemed to break up and melt. "It's Frank. How are ——"

But the grey lady, his manageress, had taken him gently by the arm. A blue vein that ran up by the side of the brain, I noticed, had begun to throb.

I watched the self-wrecked man being conducted to partake of the food which kept the habitation of his brain alive.

He ate it alone, I was told, so that he might think. . . . Years ago he had bought out the senior partner.

## THAT MONDAY MORNING FEELING.

There can be few office workers who do not occasionally experience the fatigue which follows a strenuous week-end. In fact, many people look upon that tired feeling as a regular part of the Monday routine. They try at the end of one week to work off jobs so that they may have an easy day at the commencement of the following week.

A one or two hundred mile week-end cycle tour is a noted offender because there is little relaxation when large distances are covered on a push bike.

It is as well, sometimes, to vary the usual rush of exercise in the week-end, for a lazy two days will often buck one up for coming work.

The fact that an easy time makes a man resume work with a feeling of "thank goodness I have got something to do" must influence his work in no small degree. There is no cure for the "Monday-morningitis," but prevention is always possible.

## OUR UNRELIABLE WHO'S WHO.

ALFONSO.—King of Spain. Chief work: coming to England on State visits. Chief recreation: playing polo. Good musician—devoted to his Consort Ena.

* * *

KENNEDY, BART.—Known to his intimates as "Hollands," because he has a square face. Chiefly famous for inventing the full stop, and doing a lot of work while pretending to hate it.

* * *

LEITCH, CECILIA.—Famous lady golfer. So called because she sticks to her opponent like one. Ask Harold Hilton.

* * *

MANOEL.—Ex-King of Portugal. Called "Dom" (Portuguese for "Bother!") because it is his favourite expression nowadays. His pet aversion is fighting. Chief recreation: Entertaining Gaby Deslys.

* * *

NORTHCLIFFE, LORD.—Newspaper proprietor. Known as the Napoleon of Journalism. But has no boney part. Favourite recreation: sacking reporters and sub-editors from time to time and driving motor-cars at the expense of Limerick competitors.

## INCOMPLETE EDITIONS.

In buying the works of a standard author, a purchaser should always make sure of obtaining the edition published by the firm who originally held the copyright, or if that house be dead, their successors. This, of course, applies especially to such writers as Dickens, whom we can regard as modern. Often an author "touches up" his work after the first edition has been criticised, and while the early production may be published by any tin-pot firm, the additions, often valuable, are copyright property.

It not infrequently happens that only a writer's last work is copyright. In such cases various publishers will not hesitate to produce what they term "complete editions" of the man's works. Such "libraries" are incomplete and are not to be relied upon for correct text.

# OUR RAT & SPARROW CLUB

## MINOR SPORT THAT GLADDENS THE HEART OF THE FARMER.

The recent deaths in East Anglia which have been traced to plague carried by rats have at last brought home to the public the need for a war against those vermin.

But as yet the war on them is too localised to be of much use, for it is a known fact that when rats find a shortage of food or are persecuted in any one locality they simply migrate to another. A case in point is the plague of rats which has appeared in Essex since the war on them was instituted in Suffolk.

Any attempt to exterminate rats can be of little use unless it is universal and unless the whole country joins in the war.

There are in the British Isles as many rats as there are human beings, and that is a very modest estimate.

### AWAY WITH THE RATS.

Each of these rats, it is computed, does damage at the average rate of one farthing a day, besides being admittedly the means of carrying disease and plague not only from place to place, but from country to country.

As the precise usefulness of the animal has yet to be discovered, there is no doubt that it is doing a public service to exterminate as many rats as possible.

The farmer, however, is not particularly interested in the public health, but he is interested in the preserving of his crops, and he is willing to do everything in his power to encourage those who are willing to help him in exterminating his natural enemies.

The best thing I did on going to live in the country was to join the local institution known as the "Rat and Sparrow Club."

It is not run on the usual lines, and the entrance fee is nil. This in itself was a recommendation though it does not account for the very large membership.

### THE CLUB AND ITS OBJECTS.

I doubt whether there is a young man in the district who is able to use gun or even catapult who is not a member; while every cottager looks to the club for a by no means small annual increase of his never very handsome wage.

Though the club has only been formed two years it has done a great deal for the farmers of the district, and its finances are always in a flourishing condition.

Every man who knows a sparrow or a rat when he sees either is welcomed as a member. All that he has to do is to agree to undertake the destruction of sparrows and rats on every possible occasion. If he will, further, bring evidence to the club committee that he has actually performed these useful services he will be rewarded according to his success.

### SPARROWS AND THE CRAIN.

The Rat and Sparrow Club was formed in view of the ever-increasing plague of both creatures that was spreading over our countryside. In every field of grain there were dark and hungry clouds of sparrows that made havoc of a sheaf of corn in a very short time.

The farmers were complaining bitterly. The cottagers, too, said that it was useless putting in vegetable seeds because, no sooner had the tender shoots appeared above the earth than the sparrows would descend upon them and root them all up.

Rats, too, were increasing. Rickyards were overrun, and along almost every hedge there were the holes and runs of these persistent and prolific creatures.

The club's activities are carried on all the year round, but, just now, with the hedges

once again bare of foliage, and the cold weather making both fur and feather bolder, the time to make a special effort is at hand.

Moreover, we look a long way ahead in the country, and a few shillings extra at Christmas time, still some weeks hence, has stimulated us all to tremendous activity.

### BOTH MONEY AND SPORT.

Every odd hour we are out and about with sticks and a terrier, routing out the rats from their burrows in the banks.

We are careful to attend every threshing in the district, for the rats are sure to be numerous and the competition is great.

The prices for "heads and tails" have been raised this year in order to stimulate our sporting instincts. For each rat we claim twopence, and for a dozen sparrows sixpence is the reward.

Fortunately, we are not expected to keep more than the tails of the former and the heads of the latter.

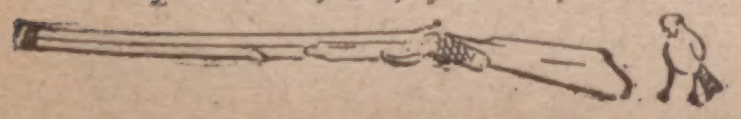
### ALL SIDES REAP THEIR REWARD.

Every week we gather at a farmer's barn and lay our spoils at the feet of a member of the committee who is usually the farmer himself. Heads and tails are counted, and each man's "bag" is recorded in a book.

The value of each man's weekly bag may be drawn in hard cash there and then if the member pleases; and some do take their money and drink to the continuance of the plague of both creatures.

Others let their score and its reward mount up for a year, and at Christmas time draw the money in one sum. Often it is a very considerable amount and makes Christmas a little merrier than it would otherwise have been in many a cottage.

JAMES MARSHALL.



## BILLIARD GOLF.

The weight-lifter trains himself in other ways besides the lifting of weights, and the man who is keen on billiards can become expert without playing a definite game.

This is an excellent way of improving your potting. Place the red ball on the centre spot, and then starting from the D, proceed to pot the red ball in each of the six pockets in order. The red ball is, of course, respotted each time it is holed, but you go on playing from wherever your ball lies.

If you can do the round in ten strokes you are pretty "hot stuff."

# OUR DICTIONARY.

## SOME WORDS DEFINED BY OUR GENTLE CYNIC.

ABERYSTWYTH.—Town in Wales, not famed for anything in particular except the Limerick associated with it. If you don't know how that Limerick goes, your education has been neglected.

ACTOR.—One of the male sex who acts or can act. The species is now extinct.

AEROPLANE.—Twentieth century invention. Its most useful service to the community lies in the killing-off of lunatics.

BABY.—That which reduces the taxed income by ten pounds.

BACHELOR.—A man who does not know what trouble is.

BACON.—Synonym for Shakespeare.

DARLING.—*You* know who she is, reader.

DOG.—An animal for which we all attempt to avoid paying a tax.

EDITOR.—A person who says that good stuff is rotten.

ENGLAND.—Home for foreigners.

FAILURE.—Hebrew word, signifying sudden access of prosperity.

FAUGH.—Expression used by members of the Y.M.C.A. on reading one of our sporting stories.

GARBAGE.—The contents of a certain type of "home paper."

GOOSEBERRY.—The principal ingredient of champagne.

GUEST.—One who should be speeded as speedily as possible.

HELL.—The most suitable place for people we don't like.

HICKS.—The name of an actor, of whom we all want to Seymour.

HINT.—That which is freely given but never taken.

IMMEDIATE.—Word which is always written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope of a begging letter.

INDEED!—Exclamation, whose real meaning is "You *can* tell 'em!"

JACK.—The name of the hero of a melodrama.

JAPE.—See Jest.

JEST.—See Jape.

JOKE.—That which is never seen.

KISS.—Billiard term, signifying that which you played for if you score by it, and bad luck if you don't.

KNICKERBOCKER.—Costume invented by Mr. Hall Caine, for the purpose of showing the exquisite shape of his legs.

LANDLADY.—An "extra"-ordinary person with taste for whisky.

LOUT.—Anybody who beats us at boxing.

MANOR (Lord of the).—"Rhyming slang" for "tanner" or sixpence.

MISER.—A man who won't lend us half-a-crown.

NEUROTIC.—The condition of the modern woman as shown in the higher drama.

NUT.—One of the heads.

OH!—Exclamation of pleasure used by girls when kissed.

ORSE.—Term used in London to signify horse.

OYSTER.—Succulent bivalve.

PUNCH.—[That which you deserve for your definition of "oyster."—ED.]

QUART.—The most suitable measure for beer.

REFEREE.—An official who is always called "good boy" and "blithering idiot" at the same time.

SIMS, G. R.—Famous writer of advertisements.

UNCLE.—A pawnbroker.

VEST.—Tailor's expression for waistcoat.

WAIST.—The part of a woman you bowl on by.

YOLK.—That which we scorn when foreign.

C. DIBSDALE.

# THE LAST DAY OF THE FLAT

THE REFLECTIONS OF A RACING MAN.

Great Scott! It only seems yesterday that the papers published the weights for the Lincoln, and here we are on the November Handicap day at Manchester, the last day of the flat-racing season.

Every year when we reach that day we are apt to feel a bit "quiet"—if you understand me—for it tells us there's one flat season less to see before the numbers go up for our own last race.

But it has not been a bad or uneventful racing year.

**TWO NOTABLE FIGURES.**

We have witnessed some very fine performances by Mr. Fairie's Lemberg, who carried off, amongst other events, the Derby, and whom everybody expected to win the last classic, the Doncaster St. Leger. We should all have been pleased to see him do it, too, for, perhaps, the most genial owner racing is Mr. Fairie, or, otherwise, Mr. Cox, whose astuteness in "holding on to" some supposedly worthless gold-mining shares has resulted in his being one of the world's wealthiest men.

But he has not long held the premier place in the favour of the public. Until a very few months ago he had to admit defeat at the hands of one who, now, unhappily, has seen his last race.

I refer to the late King Edward. He will never be forgotten among racing men. Gad! how the racing boys loved the King—"dear old Teddy," as they used to call him. I'll bet that the roars, loud and long-sustained, that went up on every racecourse in the country, when the well-known figure in the trim frock-coat and top hat entered the Royal enclosure, was one of the most exhilarating sounds that the good King had ever heard in his life.

**A MEMORY OF THE PAST.**

For, just as the racing crowd loved him, so did he favour them, perhaps, above all his subjects. Never, since the days of William IV., the bluff old sailor monarch who, on being asked by his trainer what horses to start for a certain race, answered "Start the whole —— fleet!" has England had a member of the Royal Family in so close a sympathy with his sporting subjects.

For that great loss, the flat-racing season of 1910 will ever be a sad one to the sporting public.

This season has witnessed, too, what is not a very common incident on the flat, notably a bad accident to a jockey in the course of a race. The rider in question is Joe Plant, who was thrown and badly hurt by Mr. Welke's Blackstone, but who is now, I am glad to say, strong and hearty again.

One of the biggest surprises of the season has been the wonderful way in which young Frank Wootton has made his way to the top of the averages, and this, in spite of his temporary suspension just before Ascot, as a result of rather injudicious riding. Though Danny Maher has been close on his heels all the way, there hasn't been a jock. to touch the youngster on his form this year.

**LOOKING AHEAD.**

Well! here's the train rolling us into the dirty old station we know so well. We sha'n't be long before we're on the course now; and we'll enjoy this last day's sport to the full, because it'll be a devilish long time before we get another.

Here we are in the good old half-dollar tank, with the sound of every dialect in the country dinning in our ears. All the boys who have been able to snatch a day off are here in murky Manchester for the last "obsequies"—and good luck to them! May the days of winter pass quickly by, while they smoke before glowing fires, and cast their thoughts eagerly ahead to the flat-racing season of 1911.

R. M. HERIOT.

# THE SOLDIER'S PRIVILEGES

## SOME ADVANTAGES ENJOYED BY REGULARS AND TERRITORIALS.

While the underlying principle of military service in this country is that a soldier remains amenable to the ordinary law of the land, he enjoys certain privileges denied to the civilian.

The most obvious example is to be found in the regulation which exempts members of the Regulars and Territorials from serving on juries. It is an absolute exemption so far as coroner's juries are concerned, but in the case of grand or common juries the exemption only applies to being placed on the jury list. That is, if you allow your name to be put on the jury list you are legally bound to serve, though doubtless the judge or registrar would let you go.

Officers on full or half pay cannot be compelled to serve any municipal office or to act as overseer.

A soldier cannot be arrested or compelled to appear before a Court for a debt or claim of under £30. A creditor, however, can sue and obtain judgment against a soldier for a sum of less than £30, and can then put the brokers in. But they cannot touch the debtor's person, pay, or any part of his military equipment.

When on duty officers and soldiers are exempt from paying any tolls, pier or ferry charges, etc., but are not exempt when travelling on their own business or pleasure.

On active service an officer or soldier may make a nuncupative will, that is, a will without writing, declared before witnesses, and the Courts are bound to accept it as valid.

Probate of the will and letters of administration of any "common soldier" who is killed or dies in the Service of His Majesty are exempt from stamp duty.

In general terms, an officer on the active list is prohibited from holding any public office, but he may be elected to Parliament.

A soldier who has a vote must be given every reasonable facility for recording it. On the other hand, soldiers who are not on the electors' roll are prohibited from attending the place of election.

To be in the Army, or to be a Territorial is, therefore, useful at times.

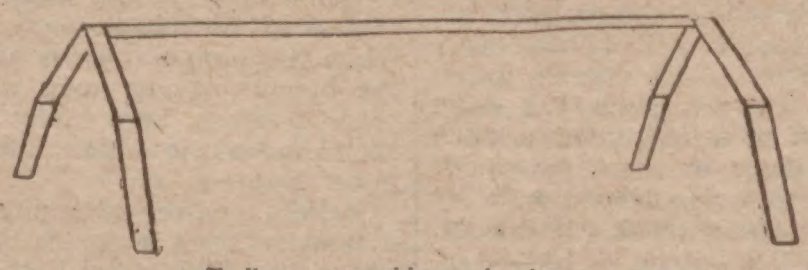
# A BED-CLOTHES TIP.

Now that the cold weather is upon us, the matter of bed-clothes is worthy of attention. The object of having an extra pair of blankets or a quilt in the winter time is, of course, to prevent the natural warmth of the body from escaping during sleep, but these additional bed-clothes press upon the muscles, and the rest secured is not as complete as it otherwise would be.

You know the comfort of sleeping on a midsummer's night with only a sheet above you. That comfort can be had in winter also by means of the simple contrivance here illustrated.

It can be made at a cost of about sixpence by anyone who can use a hammer, nails, and a saw. It is, in fact, merely an adaptation of what is called in the hospitals a surgical cradle.

A surgical cradle is used in cases of broken limbs to prevent the bed-clothes from pressing upon them. This contrivance, though simpler, is just as effective in keeping the bed-clothes from pressing upon your muscles during sleep.



Easily constructed by any handy man.

A glance at the illustration will give you an idea as to its construction. Get twelve feet of lath from the nearest builder and nail it together as shown.

With regard to length, measure yourself from your feet to your shoulder, deduct six inches, and the result will give you the right measurement for the length of the longest stick.

The end pieces can easily be nailed to form arches as indicated, and side-stays joining these arches may be added if desired.

The contrivance is very light, and you can, without any trouble, place it upon you when you get into bed, and then spread the blankets over it.

It is six inches shorter than your body, and, therefore, permits the blankets to lie snugly around your feet and your neck. It bears all the weight of the bed-clothes, and forms simply an isolated air chamber round about your body, in which the natural warmth is retained without the inconvenience and discomfort of weight pressing upon you.

R. TIVERTON.

# THE FOX'S SOUL

## AS JUDGED FROM EXPERIENCE BY AN AGED HUNTSMAN.

Has a fox a soul? I would not have credited him with one—until the day I made the acquaintance of Peter Ganthony.

The circumstances of my meeting with him were these. I was on a walking tour through the heart of Surrey, one district in the fair land of England where—praise to the powers—the half-day tripper has not yet managed to exert his unimproving influence. And seated in the cosy red-curtained bar parlour of the "String o' Bells," the only hostelry in a shyly retiring hamlet of about twenty cottages, I found Peter.

He was a picturesque old body. A hard, flat-brimmed black felt hat, well brushed, surmounted his silvered head, with a fringe of white whiskers around cheeks ruddy with long acquaintanceship with sun and wind and rain; he wore a swallow-tailed brown velveteen coat, and a pair of white canvas gaiters, with shining mother-of-pearl buttons, encased his legs.

Not for nothing had I read my W. W. Jacobs and unobstrusively I had his mug replenished. I had not done wrong. Before raising it to his lips, he made me a dignified inclination.

"Your good 'ealth, zur," he said, and followed it up with "fine weather for the 'untin', Sat'dy."

"You're interested in hunting, eh?" I hazarded, and a look came over the weather-beaten face which I took to betoken mild surprise. The landlord hastened to make things clear to me.

"Mr. Ganthony 'ere, sir," he said, "was for twenty-seven years 'untsman to Squire Winter's 'ounds. He only retired three years ago, through rheumatics—and he's the greatest authority on foxes 'ereabouts. He won't take no contradiction that foxes be 'uman almost—that they do 'ave souls——" Unseen to the old huntsman, he gave a shy little wink.

At once Peter Ganthony became garrulous. He took a long draught of beer, and started his clay pipe going like an express engine at full speed.

"Souls?" he said. "Do foxes 'ave souls? Aye, that they 'ave! Wicked bad souls, most of 'em, though—but they're like men for all that.

"A fox, sir," Peter went on, "is some'at like you London men about town. Asleep all day, awake all night, that's what 'e be. 'E gives 'is nights to eatin' and drinkin'—and love——" the old man gave a wheezy chuckle ——"and in the daytime 'e rests an' sleeps. An 'e's very partic'lar about the warmth an' dryness of 'is bedchamber. 'E knows every 'ole in a ten-mile circle, an' 'e doesn't forget one. But if 'e finds 'em all 'put to,' 'e don't care. 'E just goes off to a 'ole under a stack or a clump o' thick gorse or thorn covert, or the top of a wall that's well covered with ivy—for 'e knows 'e can see without being seen.

"Even in 'is sleep 'e's not taken unawares. The sound of the 'orn, or the 'untsman's cheer, or whips cracking on the up-wind side'll always wake 'im an' put 'im on 'is guard so as 'e can steal away—most times without bein' seen or scented.

"An' 'e's a sportsman, too," asserted Peter Ganthony, with decision. "When you come across a dead rat in a lane, all ripped about an' covered wi' blood, you think it's a dog as killed it. But it isn't. It's Mister Fox. 'E chases an' kills 'em for *sport*. 'E never eats 'em—leastwise not unless it's a time of

terrible famine." He took another draught and went on.

"But"—reflectively—"'e 'as no filial affection. When 'e's 'ard pressed, 'e'll think nothin' o' pushin' 'is mother out of 'er lair an' stoppin' in it till 'is pore parent 'as been 'unted well out o' sight by the 'ounds. Oh, 'e's clever, 'e is."

"But how," I interposed, with some diffidence I own, "do you make out that he has a soul?" Peter Ganthony drew thoughtfully at his pipe, and looked at me.

"Have you ever," he asked impressively, "seen a fox *die?* Exhausted, whacked to the world, 'e's game to 'is last breath. With a pack o' 'ounds maulin' 'im to death 'is eyes seem to say 'Do your damnedest!' 'E lives a rogue—but 'e dies a good 'un."

L. DAVIDSON.

## STRAINED MUSCLES.

Some years ago, on the old Marston athletic ground at Oxford, notices used to be posted up in the dressing-room, warning runners not to go out to race before giving their legs a sharp rub with a horse-hair glove.

This was because at that time there had been a remarkable prevalence of cases of muscle strain. Men had gone out and started a race, only to subside on the track, with faces drawn with pain. Somewhere, a muscle had snapped without the slightest warning.

Though such cases are, of course, more frequent in very cold weather, they are, nevertheless by no means uncommon at any season when the temperature is at all chilly; and for the benefit of any men who, at the time of reading these lines, may be suffering from such unpleasant athletic after-effects, here is a good embrocation.

Take a quarter of a pint of spirits of wine, a quarter of a pint of spirits of turpentine, and a quarter of a pint of white vinegar. Mix these ingredients with a well-beaten fresh egg; and rub gently on the injured part of your anatomy two or three times a day. The bottle will need a vigorous shaking every time you use it, for the egg shows an obstinate tendency to remain at the bottom.

Apply it with plenty of good, vigorous rubbing, working upwards by preference.

Never, by the way, even if the strain is only of the slightest, make the mistake of working the muscle till it is entirely sound again.

# "GO IT, LITTLE 'UN!"

## THE BRITON'S SYMPATHY WITH THE UNDER DOG.

The other evening a number of large, fat men, and a small thin boy were fishing from the end of a South Coast pier.

Presently, there arrived among the onlookers a big, bluff Yorkshireman, and shortly afterwards the small boy landed a fish.

The "Tyke" was vastly pleased. "Go it, little 'un," he yelled. "Begobs tha' canst show 'um summut. Go it, little 'un."

As a matter of fact, his sympathy and enthusiasm were misplaced. The large, fat men armed with elaborate tackle had had nary a nibble, the short-trousered imp, using a clumsy home-made line, had got a basketful. But the Yorkshireman's delight in the "little 'un's" success was typical of the Briton.

Other nations have little or no sympathy with the under-dog. When an American gets you down he jumps on your stomach, a Frenchman calls Heaven and earth and his admiring friends to witness your discomfiture, a German wants to know "how mooch" before he lets you up again, and a Spaniard or Italian would consider it a sign of insanity not to press his advantage to the utmost.

And so with crowds. The Yankee mob expectorates at the vanquished, the Frenchman mocks him, the German either exults disgustingly if he has backed the winner or turns sulky if he is on the loser, and Latin crowds as a whole have no sympathy at all with defeat.

The Briton, on the other hand, is always ready to cheer the "little 'un." He insists on fair play for the weaker man.

Why did we exult in Japan's victory over Russia?

Not because we really knew anything of the merits of the case or of the merits of the combatants—Englishmen who really know the Russian like him, and Englishmen who really know the Jap dislike him—but simply because it seemed to us a fight between a big man and a little man, and our instinctive sympathies were all with the "little 'un."

It is a fine trait, this national regard for the man who is down, but sometimes it is carried to excess.

There is a tendency nowadays to make a hero of anyone who is in disgraceful trouble. Sympathy, for instance, is extended to the murderer.

Then is it a harsh thing to say that if a poor boy wants to be well looked after the best thing he can do is to commit some crime?

The son of criminal parents, or the boy who is a potential criminal himself, is taken care of, educated, taught a useful trade, and given a fair start in life. The son of poor, but honest, parents has nothing done for him unless he turns hooligan.

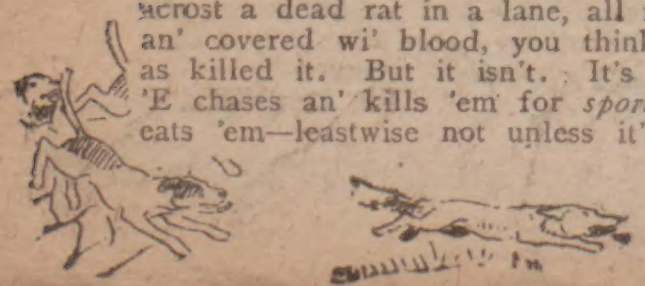
Of course, none likes to think of any child as hungry or neglected, but still it does seem to me that the children of the decent poor, of those who have fallen by the way through sheer misfortune, are as deserving of consideration and help as those of criminals.

Then, just as my Yorkshire friend misplaced his sympathy with the small boy, so do we, nationally, often misplace our sympathies, more especially when we meddle with the affairs of other countries.

While sympathy with the under-dog is still a national characteristic, there are signs that it is growing weaker, probably because of the maudlin excess to which it is sometimes carried.

In sports and games there is a growing tendency to "barrack" the player or side who does badly. Still, the sound-hearted Briton is always on the side of the weaker man, and, within reasonable limits, this sporting sympathy is a grand national trait.

NORMAN FRASER.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

# TROOPER KERNAHAN AND THE K.O.F.C.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

"I've often wondered," said the civilian visitor who had been asked to spend an evening in the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club at Brermouth, "why you fellows don't run a footer team."

He was installed in the best arm-chair the club-room boasted, and he had for an audience warriors in war-paint smoking the pipe of peace. Had a roll been called, the flower of Squadron "B" could have answered. There was Trooper Stephen, listening to the conversation from his usual perch, the piano-stool; Sergeant Hall, the ever-pleasant, pulled at a hang-dog briar, his long legs spread over half the fire-place; Trooper Carteret, whose frail looks belied him (as many presuming recruits knew to their cost), smoked a cigar that looked just a little too big for him; Trooper Alexander, wearing the inscrutable expression that troubled the augurs of the Strand, chewed an untidy looking cigarette that he had rolled himself. (The sight of these monuments to his infinite patience always made his friends feel very glad that it was the machine-manufactured article of Bewlay or Abdulla that he kept in his case for giving away.)

In the chimney corner opposite the stranger, Trooper Kernahan smoked a sealing-wax repaired meerschaum which had come through several camps with just its bare life.

And it was to these men that the civilian visitor presumed, in the style of all civilian visitors, to lay down the law.

Really, if one comes to analyse it, there is no one who considers he knows more about the administration of the home affairs of a squadron than the civilian visitor. There are several types of him. There is the art connoisseur who looks around the club-room and finds fault with the wall-paper and the engravings, who thinks that this trophy or that ought to be placed somewhere else; there is the man who picks holes in the spelling of the typewritten Orders, and the man who thinks that the drinks ought to be cheaper. Yet of all these, the "fatherly adviser" is the worst—and perhaps no one can take this part with more signal composure than the reporter of the local paper.

Little Kentley—the light of the Brermouth Press—repeated his observation.

"Yes, a football club is what you want," he said. "All of you are enthusiastic, sporting, jolly sort of chaps. Call a meeting, elect a chairman (the Colonel for choice), a secretary, and a committee. Let the secretary get his subscriptions at once. Buy a practice ball and some goal nets, set 'em up on the North Downs—and there you are! Within a week the Cyclists, the Sixth Battalion, and the Artillery will have followed suit."

"Very pretty, Mr. Kentley," said Trooper Kernahan. "But just allow me to ask the assembled company a question. . . . Gentlemen, who is for forming a—another football club? You've heard the remarks of Mr. Kentley. He'll boom you in all the papers on the small ads. principle—three insertions in six papers for eighteenpence, prepaid."

Beyond the fact that Trooper Carteret gave vent to a spasmodic "la-la!" Trooper Kernahan's question was commented upon only in suppressed chucklings. "B" Squadron, above all things, prided themselves on a kindly treatment of visitors—even small Pressmen.

"No one particularly anxious about it, you see, Mr. Kentley," said Kernahan, looking round for contradictions.

"But you *should* have a football club all the same." Little Kentley stuck to his point with the same tenacity as he stuck to blameless lemonade and claret, even when reporting mayoral banquets.

"'Ear, 'ear," said Sergeant Hall, heckler-wise. "Why not a football club? Kernahan, I'm for it. Put my name down, Mr. Kentley, quick."

Sergeant Hall was always "agin the Government."

"Shut you up!" observed Trooper Stephen, in the broad brogue of the Brermouth native. "We herd some o' your palaver afore!

"Fact of it is," he added, returning to the King's English, "we did start a football club once, but it was in your predecessor's time, Kentley. He helped us no end. He did *not* report our one and only match. I've respected the Fourth Estate ever since.

"Some old buffer—a pal of Major Devine's—went and saw a match in the Army Cup once, and came back to Brermouth full of enthusiasm. In addition to enthusiasm, though, he was also full of quids—and, of course, money can have a big sighter at doing anything, can't it?

"Well, he convened a meeting, or, at least, Devine did for him. Went and bagged his club-room for that purpose (hang 'em!) and spoilt one of our evenings. Kernahan, Alexander, Carteret, and I had to walk around the town, dropping into pubs and sampling various vintages of Worthington. It was a nuisance—specially considerin' we'd paid our sub. to this club and had tick here."

Little Kentley looked very surprised.

"You mean to say," he said, "that Mr. Kernahan was against it?"

"Yes—condemned it without a hearing, old man, didn't you? (No, don't jab his delicate ribs, Hall. He's only foxin'.) Anyhow, he did not mix himself up with it at all. I remember the night we saw the notice of the previous meetin' stuck up on the Orders Board, don't you, Carteret?"

Carteret desisted from admiring the ceiling.

"Rather—and they'd had the cheek to head it—head it, mind you, before its conception—or inception, I should say—'K.O.F.C.' And then they went on to say that a meeting relative to forming a football club under the auspices of 'B' Squadron would be held, etcetera, etcetera. You know how the thing goes on, Kentley?"

"Should think I do! Written too many of those flickin' pars, thank you."

Stephen laughed.

"Poor Kentley!" said he, sympathetically. "A reporter's life *is* a hard one, isn't it? You chaps get treated *so* badly. . . . Anyway, talkin' about that notice, it was a little bit journalese after your own heart. It all looked, as your little pars look, as if there was going to be a meeting of a room full of football enthusiasts. Old K. read between the lines.

"'They'll make old Rollington (that was the Captain's football-balmy pal) president,' says he. 'They'll elect some piffling secretary, and after that they will proceed with the true business of the evening—viz., cultivating a thick head for the morning.'

"'But, hang it all, K,' I says to him, 'What's wrong with a footer club, any road? Healthy, sporting, and so on?'

"'Ye-es,' says K. 'If they'd done this say three or four years ago it would have been all right. But you can't go and mix the two with any sort of success now. Territorialism and football in these days is like mixing whisky and stout and drinking it out of a can. You go up to the club room on Saturday nights and what do you find?' he says. 'Why, every man Jack of 'em bent over the football edition, readin' the highly imaginative descriptions of some word-peddlin' blighter who occupies his spare time thinkin' out new names for the ball other than "the leather," "the sphere," and so on.

"'On the Saturday afternoon, too, if you meet any of the chaps, are they rigged up in footer shirts and footer boots and gay stockings? No, they're muffled up in thick coats, and if you ask them you'll find they're off to see Brermouth Town get taken down by some of the cracks in the Eastern League. *See* 'em, mind you! Football's on a par with horse-racin' now,' says he. 'It's something to be seen, and the only people who play are those whose business it is to do so. The rest can't play, won't play, or play badly. The K.O.F.C. would come under the third head, and even if they didn't it would mean that in the event of them being any use at the game, the Saturday Afternoon Shooting Club would go to pot—and then what about our but lately-attained superiority with the rifle? No, Stephen,' he says finally, 'our best plan is to keep out of this business——'"

Kernahan stirred slightly in the chimney corner.

"I don't like to harrow your soul with election paraphrases, Kentley," he said. "But the pith of the whole onion was this: A vote for the footer club was a vote for inefficient marksmanship, Savvy?"

He seemed to slumber again.

"I was at the meeting," Sergeant Hall put in. "All turned out as Kernahan said, though, of course, a bat could have seen that. Captain Devine, as he was then, sent a note regretting that a previous engagement, etcetera—but we had a nice——"

"Cheap evening," Stephen broke in, a little bitterly. "I didn't. I was the only one at all flush at the time, and by the rules of the fraternity I had to stump up for the whole cost of the pub cruise."

"Don't be coarse—say Worthington-sampling," Trooper Alexander amended.

"Right, Jimuel. Wish you'd been there and you would have had the pleasure while we did the sampling at your expense. You bloated capitalists—but on second thoughts I'll let you off.

"The Squadron generally—especially the enthusiasts who kidded themseves they were 'warm on the wing'—were ostensibly keen on footer, and they'd thoughtfully arranged to have a meeting under the presidency of the beer-providin' Rollington once a week. Hall, who is usually in opposition until we give him the wink, was, as usual, reconnoitring the position without involving the tenth legion—which, Kentley, is the essence of strategy.

"Well, they did it so extremely classy, what with new goal posts and flags and things that even *I* was deceived when the consignment arrived——"

Kernahan laughed.

"Should think you were Stephanus," he said. "Do you know, Kentley, yon high-minded hidalgo actually seized on the Footer Club's corner flags—four of 'em—and liftin' up his voice he thanked the War Office for sending down new semaphore tackle to replace the dirty objects which were in use then——"

"And are *now*," said Trooper Stephen, gruffly. "I have to wash 'em out with soap and soda once a month, and ink the blue half. That's how they treat us. Make a note of that, Kentley—and dip your pen in the bleed of the Government. Kernahan, there, needn't talk. He was taken in, same as me. Old Rollington had stumped up for the lot. He was for doing the thing properly, *a la*

*militaire.* If he hadn't been huffy after that first match, those corner flags could, with a bit of judicious riggin', have been turned into A1 signallin' flags.

"But, never mind about that. I'll just freeze your young blood, Kentley, with the rest of this ower true tale.

"They made some Football Edition reader secretary because, I suppose, he could tell you the positions in the First League and what the centre forward of England trained on. Kernahan had a letter from the secretary, statin' that his name had been proposed, seconded, and carried in his absence as a member of the committee! That was a clever stroke, wasn't it? Kernahan, however, took it for a slice of cheek—he being head cook and bottle-washer of the Saturday Afternoon Shooting Club.

"He refused politely, and stated his reasons. The secretary seethed a little and then started hunting about for clubs to play the K.O.F.C. Well, it being rather on in the season—November—most of the dates of foes that we considered worthy of our steel were full up. And at last, in sheer desperation, the poor sec. decided that the first match would have to be a pick-up between fully-paid-up members of the new club. Fully paid up—the glutton!

"And then, what do you think? Why old Kernahan went to him and made him happy—yes, positively happy.

"'Look here,' he said, 'understand that *I* don't want anything to do with your club because it interferes with shooting, which, to my mind, should be before anything. But,' he says, 'as you persist in this—er—policy, why not hunt up some of the retired members of the K.O. and have a grand match, Past v. Present.'

"'Why that's a splendid idea,' said the sec. 'But what about the names and addresses of these old members? The Sergeant-Major,' he explains, 'ain't precisely in love with this footer team, you see.'

"Kernahan said he could quite understand *that*—but he gave the sec. some names himself—on one condition.

"'The thing that will trouble a good many who will remain on my side in this affair,' said Kernahan, 'is the fact that our footer team will probably be only a very weak one—and you can't expect the older members of this Squadron to be advocates of a poor show in any form,' he says.

"'Quite right,' says the sec.

"'Well, I'll have a bargain with you. You will admit,' says K., 'that the young 'uns, knowin' all they do about first-class football, ought to be able to beat the old 'uns off the face of the earth, eh?'

"'That's right too,' says the sec.

"'Well, I'll have a bargain with you,' says K. 'If the Present beats the Past I'll promise you that all the members of the Saturday Afternoon Shooting Club shall join the K.O.F.C. Similarly,' he says, 'you must get a guarantee from your members that in the event of the "Old Crocks" beating them they will take the knock—and come and learn (on Saturday afternoons from two-thirty to four-thirty) how to shoot—not goals—but the enemies of this country!'"

Kentley, of the Brermouth Press, brought his hand down on his knee.

"Good!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Good!"

"I thought," said Carteret, quietly, "that it was you who suggested we should run another football club?"

The room with one accord roared. When the tumult had somewhat subsided, Trooper Stephen took up the tale again.

"You'd appreciate the crux of that position if you'd known what the 'B' Squadron Past were composed of, Kentley," said he. "Some of 'em had retired from the game because of the cult of professionalism which was beginning to spoil it even then. Others were still distinguishing themselves as very heavy backs in various very warm amateur teams. You bet K. had weighed up the form to an ounce before risking his beloved Shooting Club."

He paused.

"I think," he concluded, "that the Past scored eleven goals in the first half, and it was Kernahan who, returned from the shooting, turned up in time to do the Cromwell act when the wreck of the Present was made complete. He seized some poor half-starved lookin' little urchin, and, in front of 'em all, gave him the match-ball.

"'Here, kid,' he said, 'take away that bauble!'

"And, pulling out a note-book, he proceeded to book up the names of the new members of the Saturday Afternoon Shooting Club."

## A LAZY DAY.

Have you realised the real value of an occasional "slack" day—a day of absolute loafing from morning till night, without, perhaps, doing one useful thing? If so, you have acquired wisdom in your generation.

The average man, who works like a galley slave in an office from nine in the morning until six, or later, in the evening, spends his occasional days off very unwisely in nine cases out of ten.

He forgets that he is tired out, not only in brain, but in body—for mental exhaustion reacts on the body—and he spends his Saturdays at some violent exercise such as football or running with harriers. And it is odds that even on Sunday he takes a long walk.

This is no more nor less than burning the candle at both ends. We do not advocate continual slacking—far from it—but we do suggest that now and then a man should spend a whole day—or, better still, a week-end—loafing about in his oldest kit, without reading, and without thinking more than he can help.

It is worth learning how to spend a really lazy day.

## GENTLEMEN JOCKEYS.

Gentlemen jockeys are rare in professional flat-racing, but common enough over the "sticks," because, of course, light weight is not of so much importance.

Persons who have never ridden for hire, and are not otherwise disqualified, as, for example, by having been "warned off," require no qualification to ride in ordinary steeplechase or hurdle races, but for welter flat races gentlemen riders must be "Qualified Riders" as defined by National Hunt Rules.

"Qualified Riders" are eligible either as: 1, gentlemen; 2, farmers; 3, by election; 4, yeomen when riding at their own Regimental Meetings.

To qualify as a gentleman rider the aspirant must either hold a commission under the Crown, bear a title in his own right or by courtesy, or be a member of certain clubs or institutions.

These are too numerous to mention in full, but members of the following clubs and bodies among others are *ipso facto* "gentlemen riders": National Hunt Committee, Irish National Hunt Steeplechase Committee, Jockey Club, the leading Service clubs, Authors', Badminton, Kildare Street (Dublin), New Club (Edinburgh), Carlton, Wellington, Turf.

To qualify as a "farmer" a rider must be farming at least one hundred acres of land. A "farmer" is further defined to mean "one who resides permanently on his farm, working it himself, and deriving therefrom his principal and ostensible means of existence."

A would-be rider who is ineligible either as "gentleman" or "farmer" must find two members of the National Hunt Committee to propose and second him for election.

A "welter flat race," it may be explained, is a weight-for-age race (other than a selling race) for a stake of not less value than two hundred sovereigns, over a distance of not less than two miles, and at a minimum weight of 9st. 7lb. Although run during the close flat-racing season, it is regarded as a race under the "Rules of Racing."

## SPORTSMEN I HAVE MET.

### IV.—MR. V. J. WOODWARD.

What the "Great G. O." (Smith) was to amateur football, Mr. Vivian John Woodward has been and is to the professional game, in which he is one of the few amateurs playing.

Born hard by Kennington Oval, a trifle over thirty-one years ago, England's future centre-forward learned the game at Axham College, Clacton-on-Sea.

He graduated in club football with the Clacton Town Club, and with the Harwich, Parkeston, and Chelmsford organisations.

Next he played for the junior "'Spurs," and in 1902 he stepped into "Sandy" Brown's place at centre-forward with the first team.

The very next year "V. J. W." gained International caps against Ireland, Wales, and Scotland.

His greatness as a player lies partly in the fact that he is a consummate "general." He may sometimes leave his "shooting boots" at home. I have myself seen him miss the softest of "sitters," but, unlike some players, he never turns out minus his "head."

At centre he is always an adept at opening out the game and keeping his forwards together, while at inside-right he has a genius for drawing the best out of his partner and making goal scoring easy for the pivot.

On his day, Woodward is the deadliest of shots. He is never "showy," but he is always in the right place, and times his short, electric rushes to a nicety.

But it is as a sportsman that I most admire him. I don't know how many goals Woodward has scored during his football career, but the number would certainly have been doubled if not trebled had he had fair-play from his opponents.

Time after time I have seen him tripped or fouled in one way or another when he had the goal at his mercy. The referee may even whistle himself black in the face, the crowd may hoot and yell at the offender, but Woodward just picks himself up and goes into position for the next move.

It is said that at one time he contemplated retiring from the professional game owing to the unfair tactics employed against him, but I for one do not believe it. He is too plucky a chap to admit himself beaten by a blackguard. He has treated the cowards who could not face him fairly with the contempt they deserve, and he has had his reward, for the dirty brigade let him more or less alone nowadays.

Among other admirable qualities, Mr. Woodward does not advertise. I do not think he has ever been interviewed, and he has always declined to turn amateur journalist.

He is as quiet and unaffected off the field as he is on it, and while he has many worshippers he declines to be made a hero of.

Mr. Woodward is by no means a one-game man. He is a cricketer of no little merit, and had he devoted himself seriously to lawn tennis, Mr. Wilding might not have been champion to-day.

The reasons that induced him to leave Tottenham for Chelsea are his own affair, and, characteristically he refused to say a word on the subject when the football world was ringing with the "sensation."

The Tottenham crowd, of course, were disappointed, but not bitter. Knowing their "idol," they know that he would not have left them except for good and sufficient reasons, and when he turns out against his old club the crowd always have cheers for him.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Woodward has many years of first-class football in him yet, but, when the time comes for his retirement, if ever a sportsman deserved a national testimonial that man is Vivian Woodward.

When his sporting epitaph comes to be written, it might fitly run: "He played the game."

P. T. MASSINGER.

# JOSEPH'S TROUSERS

## THE STORY OF A MARTYR TO FASHION.

My friend Joseph is a young man who is particular about that great asset to a City man—his "personal appearance." He sees to it that his tailor cuts his coat properly. The bottom button of his waistcoat is always correctly undone and his handkerchief is up his sleeve as the fashion of a decade ago decreed. But above all things or, rather, below them, I might say, he is the last word in faddiness about his trousers. He is, in the words of Miss Marie Corelli, proud of his "elephant legs."

During the detestable period when trousers were worn tight and tube-like his friends used to swear that Joseph had recourse to a shoe-horn to get them on. Be that as it may, you never saw ridged rucks behind the knee that, after their vogue (which, thank Heaven, was short), finally threw them out of fashion's favour. Soon after he was afflicted with the other extreme—namely, the peg-top style that for some unknown reason our tailors borrowed from the very worst builders of suits in the world—the Americans.

He went through both these fires and, happily, came out unscathed. He flung aside those garments that required the shoe-horn and the other arrangements which the flippant suggested would have made him a coat and waistcoat if their superfluous cloth was advised. He went back to the normal and became one of the best trousered men in the City.

One would as soon have thought of seeing Joseph's trousers baggy at the knees, as they would have expected to see trousers that were hopeless on the products of the eminent tailors' work—those statues that spoil Nature for the eye of the immaculately dressed man.

I remember in particular one pair of wonderous trousers that Joseph had. And just as in the case of his namesake, Joseph's father was the donor. He gave Joseph those trousers. It was a circumstance which he did not relate to everyone, lest his compeers might somewhat deride.

But as I knew his father he feared I might recognise the trousers and spread the latter abroad, upheaving the courts and alleyways of Lombard Street with the startling news that Joseph was wearing a pair of his father's trousers! So he asked me not to tell. As a matter of fact, the tailor made them a little too long for Joseph's father, but they just fitted Joseph, and as Joseph said there is an ill-fit that is no good to anybody at all.

But those trousers—they were grey, I remember—seemed imbued (when worn by Joseph) with the spirit of sartorical excellence. They set well on the boots; they never lost their peerless crease; they turned faultlessly. They were angelic trousers without a stitch wrong, without a rebellious rim anywhere.

London mud on the worst days seemed powerless to injure them permanently, however greasy. To be so fortunate as to walk behind Joseph all the way from London Bridge Station to his office in Lombard Street was, if you had the true heart for things-as-they-should-be, a privilege to be late at your own office for.

Then sinking, that fell pastime to the account to which so many evils are entered, finally did those trousers.

There was, one night, a horrible spill at the Olympia, in which Joseph was the undermost man. As his arms began to flap with returning consciousness, the medical man began feeling his legs.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Joseph, faintly.

"Seeing if you've any bones broken," was the reply.

"Bones—bones? Hang it, sir—tell me, are my trousers torn?." said Joseph in accents full of apprehension.

"Yes, at both knees—badly," said the doctor.

"Then take away that brandy. I prefer to die."

And Joseph relapsed into unnecessary unconsciousness once again.

RATCLYFFE LAWSON.

## ENTRAINING HORSES.

One would imagine that it was the easiest thing in the world to put a horse into a horse-box or a cattle-truck—if one had never tried it. Some of our Territorial readers may have "had some," and may have spent an interesting half-hour or two at the railway station entraining or detraining before and after camp.

Officers' horses are always put in boxes, which hold three horses each in separate padded stalls, and in these the horses are placed with the head in the direction in which the train is going.

Other military horses, however, are usually carried in cattle-trucks, holding eight or nine each, and here the horses stand at right angles to the track. Their heads should always be turned away from the permanent way, in order that they may not be frightened by passing trains on the other line.

It stands to reason that the more horses you can get into a truck the less chance there is of their being damaged. They cannot fall down and they cannot kick each other.

Not a little coaxing is required to induce some horses to enter a box or truck. If they will not go in quietly otherwise, it is often possible to get them to do so by putting a coat over their heads, turning them round several times and leading them straight into the box.

The horse must be held with a short head-rope, however, for on finding his fore-feet on the ramp of the truck he will often rear and strike his head on the top of the doorway.

If no coaxing avails, a refractory animal can often be "boosted in" if two men link hands behind him and lift him in with their arms against his quarters, while his head-rope is pulled from in front.

Army horses are only unsaddled or unharnessed when the journey is to last more than six hours.

## LYING IN WAIT.

### PLEASURES AND PAINS OF WAITING FOR A SHOT.

Now that the world is again let loose over the land, gun in hand, seeking what it may shoot and devour, the man who has no chance of partridge shooting or any other regular shooting, has various ways open by which he can enjoy himself with a little rifle.

It is really surprising what excellent fun can be had with what most people would regard as a toy rifle and a box of a hundred "caps." These deadly little cartridges—for that is what they are—carry a tiny bullet, not so large as an ordinary pea. They are loaded into a metal cap which has very little in it, but that little is surprisingly powerful and its killing power is remarkable.

The rifle is quite a toy—a Winchester, costing something under a sovereign—but its workmanship is excellent and it shoots with astonishing accuracy.

The range is fairly long. A rabbit sitting out at fifty yards is about the limit at which one can hope to kill; but indeed to try to shoot at anything beyond that distance would be merely waste of ammunition.

It is well worth while getting one of these little rifles if you are in the habit of spending week-ends in the country.

It is no use, of course, walking through the fields and round the hedges armed with a little rifle like this unless you are a perfect prodigy at the game. With a bullet as small as an under-sized pea you must have the opportunity of a steady and careful aim; and it is therefore best that you should have some place where you can conceal yourself and lie in wait for the "game."

The neighbourhood of a river or pond is probably best. Here, in the course of every hour, there come all manner of birds, from wild ducks to water-hens; and animals, from rats to weasels and stoats.

A pigeon will blunder into the bushes to look round him before dropping to the water for a drink. If he gets to the waterside it is ten to one that his sharp eye will detect something unusual in the appearance of your corner and away he will go.

You must be ready to turn, therefore, silently, slowly, and without undue commotion. Nothing so disturbs birds and beasts as sudden motion.

It is a mistake to settle down on a hump of grass and allow your legs and feet to get benumbed and cramped. The effort to turn at the critical moment will cause you infinite discomfort and will frighten the quarry away.

Soon you hear a welcome splash in the water. Peering through the leaves you catch sight of a plump moor-hen, flitting about the water quite unconscious of your presence.

Take your time, see that you do not shoot hurriedly, but fix him accurately, and then ——.

If you have appreciated the smallness of your bullet and the necessity for a very careful aim you have probably brought him down, and he is now lying on the water.

The shot has made little noise, and soon you are again aware that some other creature is in the vicinity. There is a rustle among the leaves; and looking slowly round you watch a vicious, evil, little weasel slipping along a thick branch in pursuit of a bird.

It stops, sniffs in your direction, and is about to dive down into the bracken and nettles. But you had got your tiny sight right on him, and he drops limp and lifeless, catching in the bramble and hanging in the hedge.

Every few minutes you are on the alert. Five times out of six you kill, and you regard your little rifle as a gem. Everything that comes along is "game" to you, and at least affords the excitement of a shot.

K. T. CANWARTHI.

# FOOTBALL BLOOMERS

## SOME ERRORS THAT SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

We are not dealing with a new form of "rational" attire for muddied oafs, as a casual consideration of our title might lead the reader to presume. We intend to describe certain fundamental errors to which a great many footballers are liable.

We all know that "to err is human"; and forwards, halves, backs, and goalkeepers are no exception to the rule. So we will take them *seriatim*, in the above order, and mention some of their habits which, in the estimation of high authorities on the game, ought either to be eliminated or amended.

Possibly the chief department of the forward's play, nowadays, is passing, and it is here that a bad fault is very common.

### BAD AND USELESS PASSING.

There must be two parties to a good pass. The man who is passing should send the ball to his partner accurately and conveniently, while the other must put himself into the best position to take it in.

A great many otherwise good forwards neglect this very important rule. They get rid of the ball aimlessly, or else send it to a player who is not in a position to take it.

Very many forwards, too, forget that, in passing, the object is to get the ball down the ground; so that the best kind of pass is one that makes towards the opponent's goal, in short, a forward pass. (Of course, this does not apply when there is danger of the receiver being off-side.) A very common fault, however, is for a set of forwards to indulge in clever passing in midfield, without making a yard of progress.

It is a bad pass that forces the receiver to go back, or face his own goal, in order to get it. A forward should never pass unless the other man can do more with the ball than he can himself. In other words, he must not "piffle."

### THE HALF-BACK'S MISTAKES.

One of the greatest defects in the average half-back's play is a tendency to selfishness. This is generally observed in defence, when the halves are co-operating with the backs. The rule that should be observed is that the halves should always give way to the backs. But a great many halves transgress this.

When a half and a back go out to meet an opponent who has the ball, the half should take the man, and the back should kick the ball.

Halves do not, as a rule, shoot enough. Even when they have a good chance of scoring, they pass to a forward who is, perhaps, not so well placed. Many goals are lost every season in this way.

### ERRORS THAT OFTEN PROVE FATAL.

Though every half-back should dribble a little on occasion, he should not run to the extreme of always dribbling, as many half-backs do. A half is not expected to dribble so well as a forward, and it is very galling to see him dispossessed, when he might have passed it on to the forward line.

Backs' errors are almost always individual idiosyncrasies. One of these, a very common one, is the trick of kicking the ball on the half volley, that is to say, at the moment at which it strikes the ground or immediately after. Although a back will get rounds of cheering if he does it successfully, it is very rarely that he does so; for the result in most cases is a "foozled" kick through mistiming.

We forget what well-known international it was who said that the back who dribbled ought to be kicked; but in view of the prevalence of this wretched habit, we recommend the remark to our readers' careful consideration.

### A GOALKEEPER'S VANITIES.

Lastly, with regard to the goalkeeper. He is the man of all the team who is most tempted to "play to the gallery." And very often he will be observed to punch the ball away when he might have caught and kicked it.

A punched ball often curls off into goal; so that punching should never be resorted to unless in the greatest emergency when there is nothing else that can be done.

H. TOWNLEE.

## FIRE!

Not many people imagine it, but the possibility of a fire in your home or your office is one which should have your earnest consideration. If one suddenly broke out, you would probably make a wild dash for some water—and perhaps you wouldn't find any.

But the best immediate preventive of the spread of flame is sand; so why not have a supply of it somewhere about your house?

There are many fire-extinguishers advertised, but sand is as good as any of them, and very much cheaper.

## WHEN TO EAT.

It is a very salutary rule never to eat when your body is exhausted or immediately after indulging in violent exercise. The process of digesting is a form of work, and when the body (and incidentally the stomach) is fatigued, the organs of digestion cannot do their work throroughly.

Some cranks will tell you not to drink anything with your meals; but this, on the face of it, is absurd. What one should avoid is the happily uncommon practice of drinking when the mouth is only half empty. The best plan is to take very little fluid with meals, and then only when the mouth is empty—for preference at the end of the repast.

## BUSYBODIES.

There are many objectionable people in the world, but few can be so annoying and at the same time so harmless as the "little Mr. Importance." He is usually to be found in the person of a short stout man and his face always wears a self-satisfied smile. He is generally a man who, in the ordinary course of his existence, has but little authority, and it is at occasional functions of little or no importance that he is most often in evidence.

The village grocer, too, when he has amassed a considerable sum, when raised to the rank of churchwarden—and he always is—often becomes a most officious person.

## THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER.

The rapid rise in popularity of illustrated newspapers has created a new figure in Fleet Street of equal importance, from the point of view of that particular type of paper, as the keen-witted reporter.

This comparatively new recruit to the ranks of journalism is the Press photographer. He has a very good time on the whole. Just as the reporter goes out to "write up" the important happenings of the day, so does the photographer attend to take pictures of them; but whereas the scribe has often to rack his brain for a means of gaining admission to some closely guarded function, the photographer, in most cases, is courteously given a convenient position from which to set his apparatus at work.

Considering that he can command a good salary and that his responsibilities are not nearly so great as the reporter's, the profession of a Press photographer would seem to offer some attractions.

# THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the league badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gold-plated tie-pin ..... | 6d. | Solid silver tie-pin..... | 1s |
| Gold-plated safety-pin..... | 6d. | Solid silver safety-pin ..... | 1s |
| Gold-plated lapel or cap badge ..... | 6d. | Solid silver lapel or cap badge ..... | 1s |
| Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain ... | 6d. | Solid silver pendant for watch-chain..... | |

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

## APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

*Signature*.....

*Address*.....

.....

A DISCUSSION.

# REACHING OUT

By A. G. STORM.

"Go on talking," said Hartley, lazily. "I like it."

"You understand so well," said Frailmore. What he meant was, that Hartley was a good listener.

They were sitting by the fire in their diggings. Frailmore had but recently come to the town; he had obtained a post with the firm that employed Hartley, and a ready and mutual liking springing up between them, it was only natural that they should desire to dwell under the same roof together.

Hartley was twenty-six, commonplace, plodding and methodical. Frailmore was two years his junior, livelier in temperament, very fond of talking, very fond of books, rather labouring under the illusion that the world was a problem which he had been especially born to solve.

The subject under discussion at present was vaguely related to the ethics of friendship. But it very soon strayed.

"It's when your troubles are mental," continued Frailmore, "that you feel you must fly to a man. Women are no good when it's like that. I don't believe that a woman can be a real pal, not even if you find the right one and you marry her. Wives are wives, not pals. The best sort try to make themselves one, and no doubt they succeed up to a point, but when it comes to the Deeper Things. . . ."

"What are the deeper things?" inquired Hartley, smoking.

"Oh—Meanings. Why we're here. What we're up to. What the game is, so to speak. The Combats of the Soul. . . . They're real, Hartley. With me, at any rate. I can't get the grasp of it all. Take us, now. Two ordinary sorts of chaps, of intense importance to ourselves—but of how much importance to the world? Would it matter if we didn't exist at all? I don't see that we should be much loss."

"We shouldn't," agreed Hartley.

"Yet here's a queer thing." Frailmore knitted his brows. "We must have a value. Either that, or we're simply waste material, and that puts God rather in the light of a bad workman, doesn't it? But just look about. Think of everybody you know. And imagine something happening to exterminate the whole blessed lot—to wipe 'em clean off the earth. What difference would it make? Nothing would stop. Nothing would alter."

"We should miss those we're fond of," said Hartley. "And, anyhow, it doesn't happen."

"It happens in the long run. They all go. Tombstones are the only signs visible we have of them; not always that."

"There's the children," said Hartley. "They're a sort of link carrying on the chain."

"But where to? And where did it begin? And why?"

"Ah," said Hartley, puffing unperturbed.

"Humanity's such a queer kind of creation, when you come to think of it," commented Frailmore, thoughtfully. "Think what liars we are, what mean things we do, what meaner things we should do if we always gave way to our impulses. Our actions, Hartley—has it ever occurred to you?—are infinitely better than our thoughts. That seems to point to a worse soul than body, doesn't it? And if so, religion's idea of a pure soul and a vile body is wrong. Fancy accusing God of making vile bodies, anyhow. What for?"

"Ah," said Hartley, more gravely.

"He's perfect, or supposed to be. How can a perfect God *conceive* imperfection? How can anything that He creates *be* imperfect? And if you're content to let those two questions go unanswered, why should it ever have been His will to create anything imperfect, or even to create anything capable of falling into imperfection?"

Hartley was silent.

"We *are* imperfect; there's no getting away from the fact," said Frailmore, miserably. "It's that that makes us unhappy. We all want to be so much better than we can be."

"How do you reconcile that," inquired Hartley; "with the theory of an impure soul?"

Frailmore thought.

"All our inclinations are not bad; I grant that," he said slowly. "But neither are they all good. Where do the bad ones come from?"

"Satan," said Hartley, as a suggestion.

"You really don't believe that nonsense, do you?" asked Frailmore.

"Why not?" answered Hartley imperturbably. "If there's a personal God, why not a personal devil? You can't logically attribute sin to God, if he's a perfect God and a good God. It exists. It comes from somewhere. I think it's a highly convenient, yes, and a highly poetical idea to make one Being responsible for it."

"Lucifer in a fiery hell?" queried Frailmore.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Frailmore. "Two Beings of dead equal strength waging war throughout infinity, one winning a bit here, the other winning a bit there; but neither being able to gain a sound advantage. The Universe a chessboard, worlds the pieces, and the game enduring for ever."

Hartley shook his head.

"I've thought of that," he said. "But it won't do. Before ever Matter was spun into existence at all, the opposition Force would have stepped in to prevent it. Nothing would *be*, if things were like that. Absolute Negation is contradicted by you and me sitting here."

"Lord," said Frailmore, forlornly.

He debated again.

"We've got to have hope," he made up his mind; "or we shouldn't have the pluck to go on living at all."

"Yes," agreed Hartley.

"Hope of what? Tell me what you believe, old man. I'm deep in the sea of perplexity."

"To say what you believe," answered Hartley, "takes some doing. It's a bit outside the scope of words. Words only convey things we've seen. The things were there, mind you, before words; and we manufactured the words to fit 'em. Not we, exactly, but men. Now God is a word, and He must have been seen some time. Seen with the spiritual eyes, if you like. But the very fact that He's a name is quite enough proof for me that there *is* a God. Now what you and I are trying to do is to imagine Him. And we can't. And that's where belief comes in.

"It's all according to the temperament of a man," he went on, "what sort of God he needs. The God of savage races is a savage God, the God of warrior-like races a War-Lord, and so on. He's big enough to be all things to all men. What they'd like Him to be, that he is. But always aiding men to fulfil their best conception of manhood, even if it runs in the direction of sheep-stealing or throat-cutting. Those are ugly practices, of course. But nothing ever stands still. Mankind evolves. The supreme throat-cutter of one age, a savage age, is the ancestor of a supremely gentle man in a gentler age. I hold that thoroughness is godliness. We don't slit throats to-day because it's below our enlightened standard of morality. We've improved.

"Well, as to what I believe. That He's *just*, to start with. That He's a Sportsman. Imagine life without something to oppose us. He knows what we can do, and He sets us to do it.

"What does it matter what comes after? There's *no end* in this life if we'll only open our eyes and take a grip of it. Hereafter don't bother me; I leave that to God. If a jolly little crib is to be my portion later on, well, good luck and gratitude. It's a certainty I shouldn't enjoy it if I hadn't done my best to deserve it. Gifts, old man, always make you feel small. Right rewards don't.

"So I plough my single furrow, and it may be double harness some day!—and if I see a chap wanting a helping hand—well, I'm just glad.

"I believe, Frailmore (to wind up), in simply being decent. Chin up. No inward funk or some Invisible Being, like a magnified schoolmaster, holding a cane over us, waiting to smite us the least mistake we make. No; my God's a better chap than that. He puts out a hand to help you when you trip, and he pats you on the back, and all He says is: 'Get along; you're not hurt. Everything's all right. I'm looking after you.'"

Hartley lit his pipe, which had gone out. He nodded once or twice.

"That's it," he said, and he sounded cheerfully confident.

"But sin?" said Frailmore.

"I like to call it funking."

"Suffering?"

"The test."

"Disease, pain, crying, children ill-treated, women and men starving, gluttony, lust, murder?"

"God knows about it," asserted Hartley quietly.

"But why doesn't He stop it?"

"He repays."

"The individual?" There was a catch in Frailmore's voice.

"Yes," said Hartley steadily; "I believe whatever ill, and torture, and sorrow, the individual goes through, is repaid. Repaid in this life. It may be hard for an outsider to see exactly how. But pick out any man you like, however bad his circumstances, and ask him if he would change. If he would surrender his memories, his secret treasures of thought, his longings, his ideals—yes, his very remorse for sin."

"I fancy a condemned murderer would," said Frailmore.

"I don't," said Hartley emphatically.

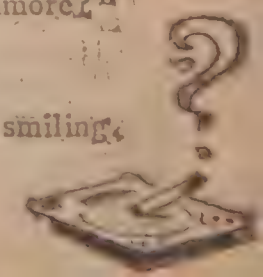
"Would you change with me, Frailmore?"

"No."

"Nor with anybody?"

"No."

"Then why. . . ?" said Hartley smiling.



## THE CIRCUS.

### HOW OUR VILLAGE IS SAVED FROM SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

We are a small community numbering only four hundred and seventy-two, according to the last census, all told. Even this total was achieved with difficulty, and by including the very latest born babe, whom none of us except the mother and the doctor and the parish nurse have seen ,and the oldest inhabitant.

Still, here we are, four hundred and seventy-two all told, and, taking us all round we are a fairly merry lot.

Town people who write and say silly things about our slow wits and our love of beer, and our general air of having fallen out of the century before last, and never having had the energy to get back to it again, are talking "through their hats."

They haven't begun to know us, and their jibes and japes don't disturb us.

Indeed, nothing disturbs us. Yes, wait. There *is* one thing that gives us furiously to think.

Soon after November 5, which we celebrate by burning the weeds from our gardens, and in divers other ways (when funds permit), we feel that something ought to happen.

What it is we are not precisely sure, but there is a stirring of the sap, as it were, in our frames.

Really if we only knew it, we are suffering from good times. We have not long since finished the harvest. Not long, that is, to our measured calendar, for we have few events to mark the year's progress.

We drank a lot of beer during harvest, and we had a tremendous lot of the farmer's bread-and-cheese and beef and onions.

Then, too, we had our harvest home, when we ate and drank and sang till dawn, and somehow reached home safely.

Now, with the comparative idleness that the first touch of winter has forced upon us we are feeling a bit light hearted. Harvest money, too, jingles pleasantly in our pockets. We want an outlet for our pent-up spirits.

There is, happily, an occasion that gives us just the opportunity we want so badly. This is the annual visit of Sportley and Merriman's "world-renowned circus, patronised by the nobility and gentry."

Every barn door, every window at the "Wagon and Horses" and the "Harrow" and every gate-post in the countryside blossoms forth with highly-coloured pictures of the most impossible acrobatic feats.

The horses are depicted as superb creatures; and, being judges of horseflesh, we go and have a look.

It is a great day for us; or rather a night.

Of course, we begin by having "just one," and then away to the circus field we go.

The flare-lamps fairly dazzle us, and some of the lads even confess to feeling a bit awkward as they pass along the rows of seats in front of all the people of the town.

We enjoy the circus thoroughly. When it is all over and the people stream out into the field we generally manage to miss our friends; and we seldom go home in a body as we came.

We do a little polite escorting of fair friends to their own homes first of all, and it is often far into the night when, at last, in couples or singly, we find ourselves once more on the long road home.

The miles seem weary and long. Still we have had our yearly fling. We have seen some smart horses and some smart riders, many of them women in glittering costumes.

But at last we are home again, ready to settle down to another year's work; and with the comparatively mild attractions of a bank Holiday or two as opportunities for another fling.

J. G. GRINT.

# MY NOTEBOOK.

**SUCCESS OF THE LONDON CLUB.**

The meeting which I announced on this page in connection with THE MODERN MAN London residential club was a complete success.

Those readers who attended were good enough to elect myself as president, Mr. Johnston-Mundy as secretary, and to appoint a general committee of fifteen from amongst their number, and a sub-committee of five.

The general feeling of the meeting seemed to be that North London would be more convenient for the majority of members than South London, and inquiries are being made in all suitable quarters to find a house which shall be entirely satisfactory.

When the sub-committee have found a place which is to their liking, the larger committee will inspect it, for it is, of course, desirable that the place chosen shall be acceptable to everybody.

**NON-RESIDENTS.**

There were present at the meeting a considerable number who were either married or living with their people in town, and who could not, therefore, become residential members of the club. It was pointed out to me that doubtless there would be many others besides these who would like to enjoy the benefits of the club as non-residents.

Exactly what can be offered to non-residential members will, of course, depend upon the decision of the committee. It was unanimously agreed that the matter should be left in their hands, as the residential members will, of course, have the largest stake in the club, and should obviously have the right to dictate the terms upon which non-residential members will be admitted.

The scheme most generally approved at present is that non-residential members shall be allowed to enjoy the benefits of the club by paying a small annual subscription. The amount of it has, of course, to be fixed.

THE MODERN MAN London residential club is now an established fact, and, meeting as it does an undoubted requirement, it is going to have the great success which it deserves.

As soon as the club takes possession of its premises, there will, of course, be a large number of additional applications for membership. These will be entertained so far as accommodation will permit.

In everything of this sort there are many who come in after the battle has been won, and after everything has been fixed up and made comfortable. The credit, however, lies with those who have taken the initiative, and who have supported me so loyally in the scheme.

At the moment of going to press, I have no further information to offer about this club, but those who are interested, and who desire to join, can receive the latest particulars by writing to me.

**MEN WORTH WORKING FOR.**

One thing that impressed me particularly at this meeting was the type of men who attended it. They were not, by any means, average men such as you meet in the course of a five minutes' walk along the Strand. They were, without exception, young Englishmen whom we like to consider typical of our race, but who, as a matter of fact, are too seldom met with.

They were wholesome and fit, and the evening which we spent together was a very happy one.

It was a pleasure for me to think that it is for such men that I edit this paper, and that it was for such men that I organised our first residential club.

**THREE NEW CLUBS IN THE PROVINCES.**

MODERN MAN clubs are being organised in Wigan, Gloucester and Southend, by the following gentlemen:

Mr. J. Unsworth, 13, Harp Street, Darlington Street East, Wigan.

Mr. P. G. Phillips, Bernard House, Gloucester.

Mr. G. Borcham, 104, Hamlet Court Road, Westcliff, Southend.

All readers in the towns mentioned should communicate with these gentlemen, in order that the clubs may have a big membership from the very outset.

**FREE-MASONRY.**

On another page I print a further article dealing with Freemasonry. It is written by a man who has been a Mason for many years, and it will, I think, give food for thought to those who contemplate joining the "craft."

A Freemason will tell you that you have no right to join with any idea of financial benefit. This bait may not be held out in a definite way, but Freemasons have allowed it to be supposed that to be a member of the "craft" is useful to a man starting upon a business career. That is the general impression, that is what induces ninety-nine out of every hundred Masons to become such, and Freemasons as a body have never taken any steps to refute the error.

This paper is doing it for them.

**PLAYING ON CURIOSITY.**

The reason for the success of the movement is the old one of curiosity aroused by secrecy.

In the market-place of most towns there appear from time to time men who sell sealed envelopes containing a number of postcards. They announce, with a leer, that they are "comic" postcards, and *very* amusing. The public cannot see them until they have bought them, and for that very reason they make a purchase.

It is much the same with Freemasonry. Until I printed the article entitled "The Fraud of Freemasonry," no one who was not a Mason had had an opportunity of judging just what Freemasonry was worth, and many invested their £10 because they supposed that, the claims of Freemasonry being kept secret and the advantages only hinted at, membership of the "craft" would necessarily do all the earth for them.

**LETTERS.**

I have received several letters blaming me for having printed the article, but, strangely enough, these letters are practically identical in form, although they come from widely separated parts of the country.

The one and only argument that they bring forward in favour of Freemasonry is that the late King, the Duke of Connaught, Lord Kitchener, the Marquis of Tullibardine and other famous and titled people occupy ornamental Masonic positions. Would these people, the objectors urge, have anything to do with Freemasonry if it was as worthless as our contributor says?

My reply is the one that will already have occurred to most readers—namely, that the uselessness of Freemasonry, and the details thereof, have not been disclosed to the celebrities who have been induced to act as figure-heads to it.

I beg to thank the many readers who have supported me in the exposure, and also those who have congratulated me on being the first to dare to deal with Freemasonry in this outspoken manner.

YOUR EDITOR.

*Weslinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

## FRIENDS OF OURS.

*We print below a further instalment of the list of members of the* Modern Man *League. Names received too late for the general list will be printed later.*

**CAMBRIDGE** *(continued).*
C. WEBB, 22, Guildhall Place.
W. H. WHITE, 33, Alpha Road, Chesterton.
T. WOOLDRUFF, 2, Queen's Terrace, Norfolk Street.

**CAMBUSLANG.**
J. H. ADAMSON, 9, Tabernacle Street.
J. McILROY, 23, Bank Street.
J. B. MUIR, Woodburn, Tanzicknowe.

**CAMELON (BY FALKIRK).**
A. KELLY, White Rose Mount.
J. KELLY, White Rose Mount.

**CANNOCK.**
J. LINDOP, 163, Wolverhampton Road.

**CANTERBURY.**
C. H. AUSTIN, Deane's Mill House.
G. MASON (Sergt.), 1st Bn., The Buffs.

**CARDIFF.**
G. BARCELLO, 119, Eldon Road, Canton.
J. C. BATTA, 28, Loudoun Square.
A. BRITTON, 43, Bridgend Street, Splott.
F. BRITTON, 43, Bridgend Street, Splott.
R. BRUNT, 37, Albert Street, Canton.
R. W. DAVIS, 34, Adeline Street, East Moors.
C. W. DAWE, 51, Strathnairn Street, Roath Park.
S. GRINDER, 18, Caroline Street.
T. HARRIES, 12, Penlyn Road, Canton.
T. HARRIES, 25, Blanche Street, Roath.
T. HAZELL, 43, Stuart Street, Bute Docks.
T. HOLL, 54, Aldsworth Road.
D. N. HUGHES, Rhymney Cottages, Taffs Wall.
A. HUMPHRIES, Tredegar Villa, Bedwelty Road, Aber-
W. [illegible]
H. BART, 79, Cowbridge Road.
J. JAMES, 55, Paget Street, Grange.
J. JAMES, 10, Brunel Street, Canton.
[illegible]AVES, 13, Old Radyr Road, Llandaff North.
[illegible]E I, Clyde Street, Adamsdown.
J. LEWIS, 1, Thesiger Street.
[illegible]ACE, 52, Cowyr Road, Cathays.
[illegible]HIE, 31, Cyprus Street.
[illegible]LUX, 14, Hendy Street, Roath Park.
[illegible]HY, 99, Treharris Street, Roath.
[illegible], 5, Woodville Road.
[illegible]ON, 7, Cumberland Street, Canton.
[illegible]IT, 11, Duke Street.
[illegible]ETH, 72, Cathedral Road.
W. J. PHILLIPS, 38, De Burgh Place.
J. PHILLIPS, 10, Pembroke Terrace.
J. PRICE, 78, Malefant Street, Cathays.
[illegible]H, Tyllwyd Terrace, Treharris
[illegible]ANDALL, 82, Carlisle Street, Splotlands.
[illegible]REES, Claude Hotel, Roath.
[illegible]OUT, 2A, Mundy Place, Cathays.
J. ROBBINS, 127, Diana Street, Roath Park.
[illegible]ORTSON, 2, Glenroy Street, Roath.
[illegible]ROWE, 19, Montheimer Road.
[illegible]NDIFORD, 50, Stacey Road, Roath.
[illegible]SLATTER, 94, Gelligaer Street, Cathays.
[illegible]SMITH, 30, Cymmer Street, Grange.
[illegible]SPATES, 15, Arran Street; Roath Park.
[illegible]ARES, "Barden," Whitchurch Road, Cathays.
J. STOCKS, 78, Alfred Street.
J. STOCKS, 78, Alfred Street.
E. W. THOMAS, 45, Clarence Embankment.
A. J. WEBB, 30, Romilly Road, Canton.
[illegible]WHIELDON, 108, Strathnairn Street.
[illegible]WILLIAMS, 7, Balaclava Road, Roath Park.
[illegible]WILLIAMS, 15, Milford Street, Splott.
[illegible]WILLIAMS, 107, Stacey Road.

**CARLISLE.**
[illegible]J. CARTWRIGHT, 16, Edward Street.
[illegible]DAKIN, 23, Lowther Street.
[illegible]RAHAM, 4, Melrose Terrace.
[illegible]OLIDAY, 12, Barrock Street.
[illegible]ING, 8, Nelson Terrace, Greystone Road.
[illegible], 64, Etterby Street, Stanwix.
[illegible]RICK PATRICK, 3, Lawson Street.
[illegible], care of Rev. A. Davidson, Chatsworth School.
[illegible]OWRY, 15, Scotland Road, Stanwix.
[illegible]MER, School House, Lanercost.
[illegible]EY, 9, Red Bank Terrace.
[illegible]OTT, 75, Richardson Street.
[illegible]TAIT, 32, Edentown.
[illegible]HEAR, 69, Castle Street.
[illegible]WALKER, 2, Hicks Terrace, Edentown.
[illegible]WALKER, 2, Hicks Terrace, Edentown.

**CARLUKE.**
[illegible]XHILL, Carfin.
[illegible]EEL, Clyde Street.

**CARNARVON.**
[illegible]OWEN, care of Williams and Owen, Castle Square.
[illegible]ROBERTS, The Mona Hotel, High Street.
[illegible]ROBERTS, 20, Pool Street.
[illegible]SULLIVAN, 18, Margaret Street.

**CARNFORTH.**
[illegible]ION, Ivy Bank, Silverdale.
[illegible]ON, Grosvenor Place.
[illegible]SMITH, 27, Hans Hill.
[illegible]H. WHITESIDE, Packet Bridge, Bolton-le-Sands.

**CARNOUSTIE.**
[illegible]SELLAR, Panmure Bank.
[illegible]THOMSON, 19, Maule Street.

**CARNWATH.**
D. MICHIE, Wester Braehead.

**CARRONSHORE (BY FALKIRK).**
A. AITKEN, Aitken's Buildings.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE CHIEF OFFENDER.

JOSEPHINE: "As a friend, Mr. Brindletop, I shall always like you, but I can never marry you. Have I made myself plain?"

BRINDLETOP: "Perhaps you may have had a little to do with it, but I should say Nature was the guilty party."

### THINGS CAUGHT.

FURIOUS LANDOWNER: "Confound you! You're fishing in my river. I demand what you've caught."

THE FISHERMAN: "Right you are. You can have a cold, a twinge of rheumatics, and a foretaste of pneumonia."

### ARTISTIC.

"Hang it all, Cholmondeley," exclaimed Perkins. "You crossed the road to avoid me."

"Er—no—not at all—I didn't see you, old man," murmured the bloated aristocrat.

"You've evidently got a peculiar idea of my character," growled Perkins, still unpacified. "Thought I was the sort of chap it is not safe to lend money to, I suppose."

"Not at all—not at all," protested Cholmondeley. "I'm sure you—are—*quite* safe."

"Montgomery, I misjudged you," said Perkins. "I beg your pardon, old man. Now, if you could manage to lend me a fiver ——."

### THE DEAR GIRLS.

GERTRUDE: "What would you give, dear, to have hair like mine?"

MIRANDA: "Can't quite tell—how much did you give?"

### MISUNDERSTOOD.

Mr. Balsquith, the famous politician, was due to appear at a public meeting at Doncaster. He was prevented, however, by the heavy rains which had swamped a portion of the line. So he sent this telegram:

"Wash-out on line. Cannot come."

Two hours later, he received this reply:

"Does not matter. Come along. Borrow a shirt."

### NOT SOLD.

"This is the article you want, sir," said the expert salesman, washing his hands with invisible soap. "You may type in the train, at the theatre, in bed, or anywhere. Simply hold the typewriter in your lap and get busy."

"Confound you," expostulated the small gentleman, indignantly. "That is a thing I never do. I'm a respectable married man."

## BOGUS AMATEURS IN GOLF.

The general public imagine that golf at any rate is free from the undesirable presence and influence of the quasi-amateur, but, unfortunately, such is very far from being the case. There are quite as many bogus amateurs in golf as in other games, and the reason thereof is not far to seek.

Golf is an expensive game, not only in itself, but in the time that it demands from its devotees. To play golf all the year round—as some amateurs do—a man must have £200 to £300 a year pocket-money, and it is notorious that the total income of more than one leading player is much less than that.

In some cases the bogus amateur is secretly paid for playing, but one famous "amateur" adopts a more open method. He won't play except for a substantial stake, and the terms of the match are invariably much in his favour.

Some amateur golfers earn handsome fees for laying out new courses. Well, if a man is a surveyor by profession and also a golfer the fact that he lays out a links certainly does not make him a professional player. On the other hand, if a man is not a professional surveyor, but takes fees for designing new courses, then he directly makes money out of the game and ceases to be an amateur.

If a man makes any implement of the game for sale, he at once becomes a professional, and it is difficult to see on what grounds a man, other than a professional surveyor, who is paid for laying out a links—which may be described as an implement of the game—can claim amateur status.

Certainly, as has been observed before in these pages, there is no reason why we should look down upon the professional.

But so long as amateurs are forbidden directly or indirectly to make money out of sport, then those who secretly break either the letter or spirit of the law are a curse to the sport or game they follow.

Instead of abolishing clubs like the Schenectady putter, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club would be better employed in dealing drastically with the bogus amateurs who flourish under its very nose.

**Pipes of Quality**

There is a real pleasure in possessing a pipe of the best quality, and the name alone of Bewlay is always enough to vouch for the excellence of a pipe.

Best picked briar, perfectly made, silver mounts, well-balanced and symmetrical designs—all Bewlay Patent Pipes are splendid specimens of pipe-making. Moreover, the

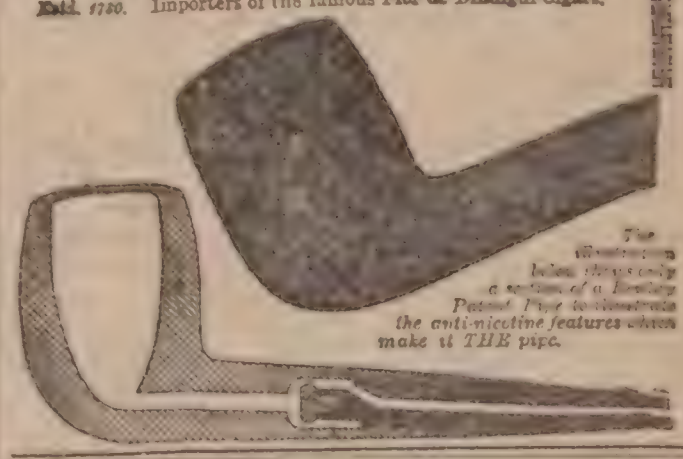
**BEWLAY Patent PIPE**

is the one through which no nicotine or tobacco-dust can reach the mouth—the pipe that enables the smoker to have a cool, sweet, wholly enjoyable smoke.

In all the best and most popular shapes, 3/6, 5/6, and 6/6. When ordering, please state shape required.

Further particulars are given in our interesting booklet, "Pipes of All Peoples," sent post free.

BEWLAY & CO., Ltd., 49, STRAND.
Estd. 1780. Importers of the famous Flor de Dindigul Cigars.



The illustration below shows a section of a Bewlay Patent Pipe to demonstrate the anti-nicotine features which make it THE pipe.

*When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."*

# RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

**A WEEKLY FEATURE.**

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

## DIGESTION.

The first processes of digestion take place in the mouth when the food comes in contact with the saliva. The advisability of thoroughly masticating food of all kinds cannot be too strongly remarked upon, and the ill-effects of washing down food with liquid soon make themselves felt.

The next step is the meeting of the food with the gastric juices of the stomach. By means of a kind of churning process the food is reduced to a fluid mass known as chyme. The proteid parts become peptones, a substance which is absorbed into the walls of the stomach.

The entrances to the stomach are closed during the process of gastric digestion, but when this is completed, the chyme is allowed access to a small second stomach, known as the duodenum.

Next comes the action of the pancreatic juice, absorption through the blood-vessels of the intestines and assimilation.

## FOR STRENGTHENING THE ARMS.

Place two stout chairs about two feet apart, and, keeping the muscles of the legs and abdomen perfectly rigid, grasp the tops of the chair and lie back into the position illustrated.

Care must be taken, when coming to this first and rather difficult position, that the chairs are not brought suddenly together by the weight of the body.

Keep the body rigid.

Now, slowly draw the body upwards, until the head reaches the level of the chair-tops.

The muscles of the arms derive the major part of the benefits from this exercise, but from the fact that rigidness is required where the muscles of the legs and abdomen are concerned, those muscles must necessarily gain many benefits.

This exercise is not one to be done hurriedly and without thought. Also, on account of the work it involves, the movements should only be repeated five times at a stretch.

## OLD MEN AND PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

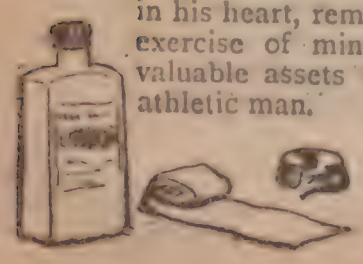
Often one hears the remark that after the age of forty has been passed, physical development can be no earthly use to a man.

It must be frankly admitted that the best time for the development of the muscles lies between the ages of eighteen and thirty, but right up to the end of man's life systematic and regular exercise can benefit.

It must be remembered that soon after forty man begins to decline, and if exercise cannot strengthen the muscles it will help to keep them in a stationary condition. And if the man has worked up a good standard of strength this should be sufficient to satisfy his needs.

Old men—I speak now of those in the seventies and eighties, and not of the youths of forty—differ as greatly as their younger friends.

Everyone has met the decrepit old fellow, and there can be few of us who have never made the acquaintance of the hale and hearty old chap who, in his heart, remains young and who, by constant exercise of mind and body, still retains those valuable assets which go to the making of an athletic man.



## SMOKING WHEN TRAINING

The effects of moderate smoking are not half so bad as some people try to make out. But, under strict training for an event of importance, the pleasures of the weed should, if possible, be foregone.

Many men, on commencing training, make the very great mistake of suddenly abandoning the pursuit of smoking, thereby doing themselves far more harm than good.

The man who, all at once, discontinues smoking will, for some time to come, feel ill at ease and out of sorts. On the other hand, a gradual breaking off will obviate these unpleasant feelings.

Cigarettes should be avoided, but when a sudden craving for a smoke is experienced it is a good plan to light a decent cigar, take a few whiffs, and throw what is left of the cigar away. An expensive method, perhaps, but it pays in the long run.

The man who during some part of the year has to undergo some form of athletic training will be well advised not to go too deeply into the smoking habit in his days of leisure. If he always remembers that, when a certain time arrives, he will be forced to give it up, the temptation to go to extremes in the off-season will be but small.

## CALF MUSCLES, THE LEGS AND STEADINESS.

Commencing with the feet about twenty-four inches apart, the right foot being placed in front of the left, raise the left heel from the ground, bend both knee joints, and, passing through the position illustrated, bring the left knee almost to the floor.

Do not raise the forward foot.

The weight of the trunk will be thrown forward, but both of the lower limbs will have their share in the support.

The calf muscles derive a special benefit from the movements, but, at the same time, all the other muscles and joints of both legs are strengthened to no small degree.

Some difficulty will be at first experienced in keeping the left foot steady, but, with a little practice, an absolutely correct position will be attained.

The movements must be alternated, and when the left foot occupies the advanced position, the arms as shown in the sketch will be changed accordingly.

## MY SYSTEM.

In devising these exercises, it is at all times my object to make the attainment of physical fitness an easy thing to every reader—even to the man who imagines that it is impossible to devote the bulk of his working hours to commerce and also to possess a body of which he may be proud.

All I ask, as I have already said, is that you should devote ten minutes each morning and each evening to the exercises which I describe, and that you should, so far as possible, follow the general health rules which I lay down.

If, after giving my system a fair trial, you do not feel an appreciable improvement, I am quite prepared to hold myself responsible for the time you have wasted.

I do not pretend that with this small amount of exercise you will build up tremendously developed muscles, but you will at least be able to make the most of those you already possess, and to keep them in condition.

Mr. Inch, to whose coming match all "Loco" all those interested in weight-lifting look forward keenly, remarked in a recent lecture that five minutes' exercise a day was sufficient to maintain his physical strength.

This, of course, does not include such exercise as a man normally takes when walking, cycling, and so on.

But the great essential is that what I call the artificial exercises, such as are given, must be done regularly.

is undoubtedly **BAD HEALTH**

Sedentary workers, ninety-nine out of a hundred, suffer from nervous troubles of one description or another.

There is only one remedy, and that is undoubtedly **PHYSICAL CULTURE.** The up-to-date business man has to think quickly and act quickly. All this makes a great demand on his **NERVOUS FORCE.**

**THOUGHT AND ACTION**

are sometimes worse than useless. One is the foundation of the other. Loose thinking means jerry-building; patchwork; penny wise and pound waste. My system of Cure and Prevention is founded on the rock of broad principles and sound practice.

**IF** you have tried this and that, failed at both, and now feel loth to take the word of anyone, there **must be reasons.** I have studied those reasons, and now I claim to have built up a system that will in turn re-build the weak body and nurse it to a state of lively health.

**TO THE ATHLETE** I guarantee greater endurance and a better quality and quantity of muscle than can be got out of laborious systems in half the time.

**TO THE TIRED WORKER** and **SUFFERER** from long-standing ailments I guarantee health and vigour with the least tax on time and purse. Thousands have thanked me. I have cured all sorts of physical ills.

**IT RESTS WITH YOU**

to give yourself and my system a chance.

Drop a postcard **NOW,** and my free books—

**"HEALTH AT HOME"**

and

**"INCH SYSTEM UP-TO-DATE"**

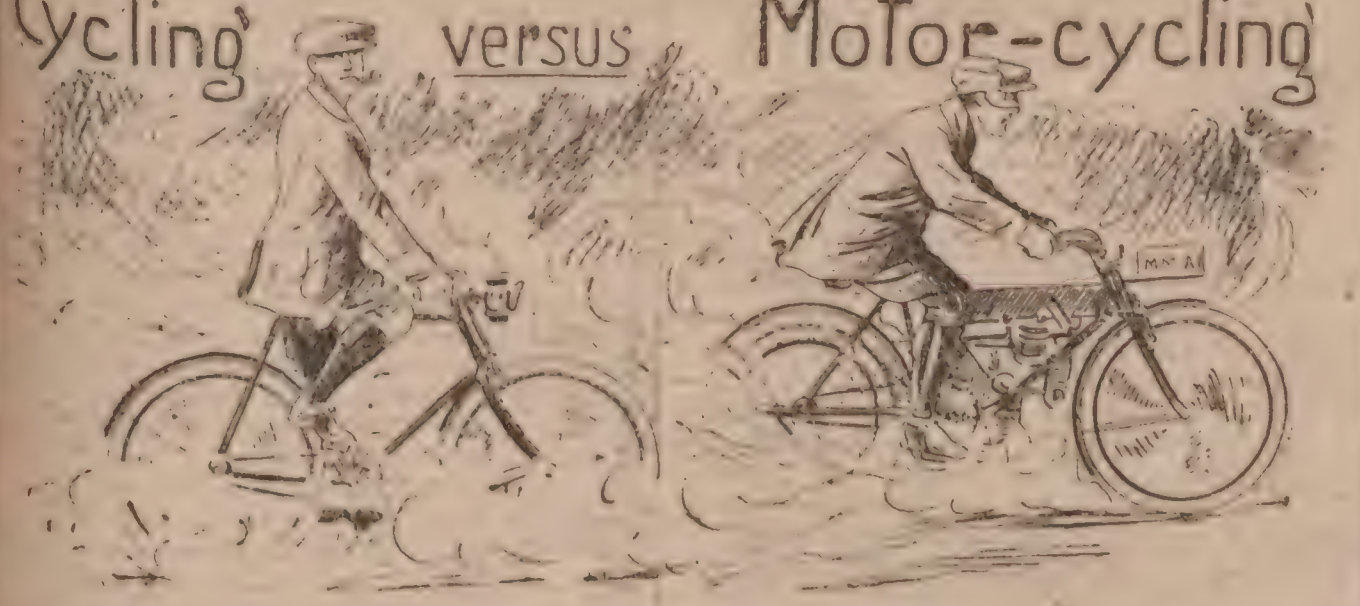
will reach you post-free the same or next day.

**T. INCH, PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT**

Dept. M.M.,

**MUNSTER HOUSE, 676 & 676a, FULHAM ROAD,**
**FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.**

# Cycling versus Motor-cycling



## AN IMPARTIAL COMPARISON.

The great popularity that has been enjoyed by the motor-cycle throughout the past season forces us to draw comparisons between it and the older pedal machine.

While certain advantages are common to both, the machines have each their individual assets and peculiarities, which make the riding of them distinct as separate sports. Thus we find that both have their following of enthusiasts, each class generally condemning the pastime they do not happen to favour. The motor-cyclist scorns his slower-moving brother, and the pedal merchant talks about his friend's "stinker"; but, as in most questions, there are two sides, and each sport has certain pleasures and advantages which are denied to those who follow the other.

### SPEED AND DISTANCES.

The most important question seems to be that of distance. But many cyclists do their hundred miles a day, and that distance should provide enough variety of scenery and adventure for anyone, no matter how nomadic his inclinations.

On the other hand, many cyclists consider fifty miles quite sufficient for a day's enjoyment, and for speed prefer a steady ten miles an hour.

The motor-cyclist puts forth as one of the finest claims of his sport his ability to travel great distances, but the present writer knows several motor-cyclists who seldom leave London more than fifty miles behind them.

With the cyclist the ride is everything; with the faster sport the time to be spent at destination is the main point to be considered. Certainly, the motor-cyclist can have little time to muse upon and admire the constant change of scenery, but to make up for this he has plenty of time by the sea wherever his destination lies.

### TIME, COMFORT, AND EXPENSE.

Where comfort is to be considered, there can be no gainsaying the fact that the cyclist comes out on top. With a decent saddle, balloon tyres and reliable tyres, he has little to trouble him. The motor-cyclist, however, must accustom himself to smell, throb, and an oily atmosphere, though, of course, most of the odour is left behind for the benefit of passers-by.

Almost anyone can cycle, but it takes a strong nerve to go in for motor-cycling—a stronger nerve even than is required for driving a fair-sized car.

If expense is a matter of consideration, then it must be confessed that motor-cycling is by no means economical—cycling, however, is.

The man whose fingers are all thumbs, too, will never make a good motor-cyclist, for just as a sportsman taking up horses must have some love for those animals, so the motor-cyclist must have an eye and hand for machinery.

He must be well acquainted with all the parts of his complicated engine, else he will find his hobby even more expensive than he had expected. Also, he must have plenty of time and energy to expend on his sport. A push-bike will always be moderately presentable with just a little care and attention. After a pump up it can nearly always be ridden.

### PHYSICAL AND OTHER QUESTIONS.

There is yet another point to be discussed and that is the question of physical benefits to be derived from the two exercises.

In cycling, the legs are usually in motion, but in motor-cycling the position remains very much the same all the time. Some physicians condemn the motor-cycle for this reason.

For winter riding, cycling is a far warmer sport, and during the cold season this is a serious consideration.

Traffic manipulation on a motor-cycle is extremely difficult and trying work; on an ordinary cycle, however, the streets present few obstacles which cannot be overcome with just a little caution.

Coasting on a bike is generally considered to be far more enjoyable than racing downhill on the motor.

But both sports will always have their adherents and numbers of cyclists must annually join the ranks of the faster men. It is well, however, not to part with the push-bike for a few pounds when the motor is bought. The old machine will always be useful for short journeys when it is really not worth while to prepare the motor.

A. DONNELLY AITKEN.

## OUT OF SORTS—IN FORM.

It is an interesting fact that a man often plays his best at games when he is not feeling quite up to the mark.

This does not apply to strenuous athletics where a man must be absolutely fit to give of his best, but it is certainly true of such games as golf and billiards.

Of course, a man does not play better than usual because he is feeling a trifle "chippy." The probable explanation of the phenomenon—for such it is—is as follows:

When you are quite fit you want to do great things, and what is more you feel capable of doing them.

At golf, for example, you are not content with a 180 yards' drive, you want a 250 yards', and you go for it. It may "come off," but probably you foozle it, and this upsets you the more just because you are feeling so gloriously fit.

You feel so well that you are disagreeably surprised to find that you can make a bad shot. You determine to make an extra good one next time; again you fail, and before long you have gone right off your game.

On the other hand, when you are a bit under the weather—got a heavy cold, perhaps, or have been to a smoking concert—you don't expect to do well; you are thankful for small mercies; you take things easily, and if you make a boss shot, it does not trouble you, for it is just what you expected.

Instead of failing, however, you are more likely to find yourself playing quite a good game, and you grow more and more confident. In a word, the man who is bursting with health is apt to try to do too much; the "invalid" takes things easy, and succeeds beyond all expectations.

In football, too, the man feeling fit will often try great things and come a "cropper" in the attempt. So energetic does he feel that, taking a mighty boot, he will send the leather flying high over the bar, so losing an opportunity for a goal. The man feeling a little seedy exercises more caution and judgment.

Without in any way recommending late hours as a preparation for a match, there is no doubt that a man will often play better when he is a little below par, than when he is much above it.


**Oatine**

When the face tingles and burns after shaving, OATINE immediately soothes the irritated skin and relieves all tenderness.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Oatine Bldgs, Mermaid Court, London, S.E.

**RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES.**

**Made in sizes** to fit any room, yet so scientifically designed and built that, no matter what the size, the game played on each table is the correct full-size table game. You can have a seven days' free trial at our expense. RILEY'S MINIATURE BILLIARD TABLES to fit on your own dining table from **£3 7s. 6d** The 6ft. 4in. size, **£5 5s.**, is suitable for most rooms. RILEY'S combined Billiard and Dining Tables from **£13 10s.** to **£24s. 10s.** Prices include all accessories, carriage paid to nearest railway station. *Cash or easy payments.*

**FREE** on receipt of postcard, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Imperial Works, Accrington

London Showrooms: 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

**£4 TO £7 EARNED WEEKLY**

BY MEN and WOMEN at HOME or TRAVELLING.

**LET US START YOU.**

No experience needed. Our Agents made over £5,000 last two months, supplying the enormous demand for our famous "CENTURY THERMAL" BATH CABINET, and appointing Sub-Agents. Mr. Blake, of Wolverhampton, made £72 the first three months. Mr. Kitson, of Blackpool, made £31 the first month. Miss Elsie Cooper, £63 while teaching. J. W. Markham, clerk, £39 in six weeks.

**EVERYBODY BUYS!** business men, families and physicians.

WHY WORK FOR OTHERS? *Be Your Own Master!*

Write for Agent's Proposition No. 556, and mention THE MODERN MAN.

CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, Ltd.

(Dept. 556), 205, Regent Street, London, W.

# THE CORRECT GOOSEBERRY.

A SKETCH.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

In the old days, when Belatty's was our Mecca, "Stingaree" Cartney used always to say that our Chinnery was too honest ever to grow rich. But should that unhappiness fall on him—should some unexpected legacy disturb the even tenour of his way—then the College of Heralds can find no better motto to set off the crest (which his wife is sure to force him to have on his best stationery) than "*Semper eadem*" which, being translated, means "Always the same."

It is this conservative demeanour of Chinnery's which has left him peaceful and earning very little, in our native place, while we are on the high seas of commerce in the world, irrevocably launched out into greater things, boasting bigger turnovers and far less happiness.

Yet even from that little backwater, Chinnery continues to write us weekly budgets containing 5 per cent. of local news and 95 per cent. of advice as to our conduct.

Chinnery, you see, has had charge of our morals from time immemorial. We used to kick over the traces sometimes when we could manage to avoid his company. But he was sure to find out where we went, sick and sorry, to him for comfort. And he never failed to take us back into the fold after giving us what we termed a "cheerless chin-wagging."

Once we thought we had caught him straying, for, to our certain knowledge gained by reason of his own admission, he took a pipeful of tobacco from his employer's tobacco jar without asking permission! But that same afternoon when he re-stocked his empty pouch he called upon us to witness the replacing of that exact measure of the fragrant mixture.

So the "cheerless chin-wagging" continued until we went out to seek our fortunes. And, as I said, to this day Chinnery continues to act as censor to our moral code.

Of late, I have been free from a deal more than "Stingaree" Cartney, because, thank Heaven, it is true enough that you can say more in five minutes than a year's letters will amount to. And I have not seen Chinnery for years gone by.

But "Stingaree" Cartney has strayed from the narrow path marked out for the good bachelor, and he deserves all he is getting. In short he has become enamoured of a girl "down Home." . . . The last time I saw poor "Stingaree" he unfolded his trouble to me and, after weighing up his heavily spoken words, it seems that Chinnery does not think that he ("Stingaree") is capable of acting as behoves one of his friends in the company of the lady of his choice.

Chinnery, let it be written to his credit, thinks a deal of us.

And it turns out in this way, "Stingaree" Cartney tells me.

One week-end per month, "Stingaree" Cartney goes down Home, ostensibly to visit his people, but the real object is too plain.

Chinnery, however, was very slow in realising that "Stingaree" did not actually go down to see *him!* It was not until "Stingaree" managed to lose him upon several occasions, by slinking out of the back exits of hotels, that Chinnery tumbled to the meaning of the manœuvre. All this redounds to the brilliancy of Chinnery's intellect, mind you, because he realised when he saw "Stingaree" looping across the street to catch a golf-links-ward tram-car, that his friend was off to the golf-links. And, the lady of Cartney's choice, he knew, was down to a seven handicap!

Now, Chinnery gathered that, as a matter of plain fact, the lady's guardians knew nothing of the affair, and, further, that it was on the pretence of beating Colonel Bogey that she went up to the links only to be arrowed by Cupid.

Naturally enough, Chinnery, our "moral suasor," objected to this conduct on the part of Cartney. And his method of procedure, when a "cheerless chin-wag" had failed to impress "Stingaree" with the heinousness of his ways, was—to catch the next golf-links tram!

We boast a natural course down Home—a generously-designed sandy-bunkered course with any amount of elusive little hills and small ravines. But what lover does not know the tiny dell to the extreme right of the third tee? Anyway, whatever may be the blindness of lovers, Chinnery (strangely enough!) can find his way to it blindfolded. And that is where he always comes upon the pair (sighs "Stingaree").

He proceeds immediately to play what he calls "the correct gooseberry." That is to say, he lies at length upon the turf at their two pairs of brogue-encased feet and looks due South (while the Two face due West).

His chin upon his hands, he talks to them of the days of long ago when we were all heroes; and anything they wish to say to one another they have to say with the eyes, which, I am told by those who should know, are really expressive enough as a means of amorous conversation. . . . Yes, Chinnery talks of the days when we were all heroes.

Looking due South he figures for their benefit (principally for the lady) the best scenes in our careers; the scenes where we came out unwittingly magnificent; little incidents that showed the right stuff was in us; small *denouements* in the face of such persons as gamekeepers. . . . And although it is plain enough to us, now, that they were really ludicrous, yet, looking at them from the point of view of their respective periods, they stand as evidence of unflinching spirit. . . . "Stingaree" says that Chinnery wanders on for hours like this, never making the mistake of being overmodest about our lives in that glorious, unfettered, past. . . . You figure us coated and mufflered beings, arms linked and pipes on, battling against the storm, actual and metaphorical. . . . .

Thus, our Chinnery plays (to the disgust of "Stingaree") the correct gooseberry; [illegible] he sketches out a biography of the days [illegible] old. . . . And ("Stingaree" concludes savagely) whenever the anecdote demands that one man in particular shall bear the full honours of the most superlative heroism that man is always—Chinnery.

## TYPES OF LANDLADIES.

There is no consideration that affects more greatly the comfort of the man who lives in diggings than the personality of his landlady. The man who gets hold of a really good landlady is very much to be envied.

Too many lodging-house-keepers are inclined to be female bullies. They won't let you stay out late, they want you to get up at unearthly hours in the morning so that they can "do your room"—and, above all, they object, on principle, to any remonstrances on your part against their overcharges.

It is easy to understand that in the hands of such a landlady as this a man's life is utterably miserable, so in nine cases out of ten he gives notice and goes elsewhere.

This time, perhaps, he will make the acquaintance of the friendly but garrulous landlady, with a secret leaning towards the cup that cheers.

She will take him into the bosom of her family with enthusiasm, if he gives her the chance; but if he does, there will be more than when he will regret it. After dinner, she will tell him of her sufferings during the life of her departed husband—a monster of iniquity. In the middle of the night she will thump on his door and crave the protection of his strong right arm from imaginary burglars. She will get on such friendly terms with him as to borrow his beer, or his butter, and so forth—which she will only return under much pressure. She is a landlady to be avoided like the plague.

G. F. BLATCH, Esq., B.A., Oxon., Private "Coach" and Tutor, 4, Goldsmith Road, Brighton.

CURED BY A COURSE OF

DR. BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS.

"DEAR SIRS,—I am writing to let you know how Dr. Birley's Phosphorus has suited my own case. My object in trying Phosphorus was to overcome a steadily increasing decline of nervous vigour, and a disinclination and disability for doing my ordinary work—that of a private 'coach' and tutor. My general health seemed to be getting slowly and surely worse, and I suffered especially from flatulent indigestion, liver, and bowels. Insufficient sleep. Sometimes this insomnia was partially [illegible] persistent, and, of course, the result was lassitude and want of grip in the day. I lost confidence and quickness of mind, and consequently became easily depressed. I can say without exaggeration that it has restored me wonderfully; my general health is better, and most of all, I now sleep normally, and get the benefit of a sufficient night's rest. I have spoken highly to others of the good effects of Birley's Phosphorus.—Yours faithfully,

G. F. BLATCH, B.A. (Oxon)."

Dr. Birley's specialised Phosphorus is perfectly assimilable by the weakest digestion even can easily absorb it for the benefit of brain and nerves. It feeds and nourishes the whole nervous system.

Birley's Phosphorus is put up in new enlarged bottles, at 2s. 9d. (2ozs. to last a week), 1s. 1½d. (3ozs.), 2s. 9d. (9ozs.), 4s. 6d. (16ozs.). Sold by all Chemists, Drug Stores, and by Boots', Taylor's, Parke's, Lewis & Burrows, Timothy White's, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, &c., or post paid from GORDON MURRAY & CO., LTD., 10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

## DANGERS OF THE STREETS.

"Passengers are requested not to stand up while the omnibus is passing under railway bridges." So runs a common notice on the top of most motor-omnibuses, and this is a direct warning against one very ordinary danger of the streets.

In the same way, however, a warning should be issued against resting the arm on the side rails of motor-'buses. These vehicles pass so close to one another, especially in narrow thoroughfares, that one might easily suffer serious injury by one's own arm coming in contact with the rail of another 'bus

The way in which 'buses stop for a moment at the kerb and then suddenly start forward again is distinctly dangerous.

## SELF-LECTURING.

We are told that when our bodily health is below par, a dose of physic—generally unpleasant in flavour—does us good; and in the same way, when our mode of life or else our way of attending to our business is not as good as might be desired, a timely word from an employer, or somebody in a position of authority over us, is often enough to set us in satisfactory working order again.

Here, however, like the physic, the ragging is distinctly unpleasant. Why not try prevention instead of cure, by indulging now and then in a little general lecture self-delivered? It is very easy, provided you can be candid with yourself.

"Am I punctual at the office in the morning? No. Very well, then, see to it, Jack, my boy, that I am punctual in future. Am I living beyond my income? Yes. William, my son, this will not do. I must cut down my billiards by half and smoke less." A little talk with oneself now and again on matters of one's private life, can do no harm, and may possibly do some good.

## CHILDREN WE CAN'T STAND.

The child who starts yelling at the back of the gallery just as the hero is about to declare his manly love for Angeline.

* * *

The exuberant little beast who insists on climbing on our knee and kissing us just after a gorge of bread and jam.

* * *

The infant prodigy who plays "Down the Vale" to us (out of tune) after dinner, when all we want is to smoke a cigar in peace.

* * *

The (supposed to be) five-year-old Little Willie in "East Lynne" played by a buxom young woman of seventeen.

* * *

The knowledge-seeking brat who asks us "P'ease, Mr. Higgins, *why* doesn't the moon drop down on top of us?" or "*Why* is your hair red?" and so on.

* * *

The landlady's sportive infant, who sticks a pin into our footballs, steals our biscuits, and puts the cat in our bed.

* * *

Our best girl's grubby brother, who breathes stertorously in our face, and presents us with a cold that lasts for three weeks.

* * *

The ingenuous cherub who comes coyly up to us and says: "I'm a big boy now. It's my eleventh *birfday* to-morrow."

* * *

Jones's little hooligan, who when his father brings him to see us, continually rings our bicycle-bell in the hall and finishes by breaking it.

* * *

The child who puts two oyster-shells and a tin soldier on the pavement, and then chases us down the street with shrieks of "please remember the grotter!" W. J. HIGGINS.

## THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The music-hall that has abandoned the National Anthem is very difficult to find, but several well-known theatres have dropped the custom of concluding their performances with the old-time "God Save the King."

This movement is one to be looked upon with regret, for the Anthem is not so much a personal as a national institution.

Our loyalty is not worth much if it will not allow us to remain uncovered as a mark of respect for a few seconds after the fall of the curtain—for really the only objection to the playing of the Anthem is that the men cannot put their hats on at once. As for the necessity for standing up, the audience is usually on its feet before the curtain has begun to drop.

## MONEY FROM OLD ENGRAVINGS.

The majority of the patrons of second-hand bookshops confine their purchases almost entirely to volumes of interesting reading matter or books of reference. As a rule they pay but little attention to the illustrative side, which is often more profitable.

It is always worth remembering that there is money to be made in old engravings, for, apart from the possibility of a print proving valuable in itself, books containing non-copyright pictures, which can be bought for a few shillings, will often contain a dozen plates for which publishers of educational works will give about five shillings apiece for the purpose of reproduction.

Keep the nature of some periodical publication well under notice and invest in any moderate-priced books of engravings which would fit in with the work.

There exists to-day a well-known agency which depends largely on the sale of non-copyright plates. The agency makes half a guinea each, so that an outsider can always be confident of five shillings.

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**W·M.'s ACCOUNT.**

| No. | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 23760 | - | 126 | 0 | 0 |
| 23887 | - | 118 | 10 | 0 |
| 24020 | - | 151 | 10 | 0 |
| 24208 | - | 44 | 0 | 0 |
| 24265 | - | 127 | 10 | 0 |
| Total | | £567 | 10 | 0 |

**J.A.W.'s ACCOUNT.**

| No. | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 22151 | - | 94 | 8 | 0 |
| 22266 | - | 40 | 10 | 0 |
| 22337 | - | 20 | 0 | 0 |
| 22420 | - | 40 | 10 | 0 |
| 22476 | - | 40 | 10 | 0 |
| 22556 | - | 28 | 10 | 0 |
| 22624 | - | 103 | 10 | 0 |
| 23058 | - | 57 | 10 | 0 |
| 23313 | - | 147 | 0 | 0 |
| 23442 | - | 45 | 0 | 0 |
| 24432 | - | 121 | 10 | 0 |
| Total | | £738 | 18 | 0 |

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# BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

## THE ELEMENT OF PLUCK.

Business is the modern equivalent of warfare, and in the business world to-day, as in the martial world of yesterday, courage is always necessary.

I have in mind one man who at present occupies a very important position. He is the guiding spirit of a large concern, but he did not make his position; he inherited it from his father. How long he will remain the head of that business is a matter of opinion.

He is a man who lacks physical courage. It is a notorious fact amongst those who do business with him that all that is necessary is to see the man personally, and to assume a threatening attitude.

Even commercial travellers, and other people in a comparative small way of business, manage to get their own way by securing a personal interview, by threatening that their firm will cancel contracts, and by generally intimidating the man of whom I am speaking. He has occupied the position of head of the firm for some twelve months, but I doubt very much whether he will be at its head at the end of the next six months.

Physical courage is absolutely necessary in business. There are times and circumstances when it becomes not only your duty and your policy, but also your personal inclination, to order a man out of your office, and to request that he will not visit it again.

To do so requires some element of physical courage. You are cutting off all future dealings with that person, and knowing this, he may throw discretion to the winds and become pugnacious.

If you were timid, you would be afraid to take such a step; if you have the necessary amount of courage, you take it without hesitation, you rid yourself permanently of an objectionable visitor, and you build up a reputation for possessing strength.

Moral courage is just as necessary in business.

A man whose position is fairly established can, in the case of illness, take a day off without jeopardising his prospects in any way, but the man who is just starting on a business career must, in many cases, struggle through a weary day in spite of sickness. I have done it myself, and I know the terrific strain involved.

You are sick in the morning, you eat no breakfast, you get through the work of the forenoon, you lunch on a glass of soda-water-and-milk, you do the afternoon's work, and on reaching the street at six o'clock, you have a vague curiosity as to whether you are going to faint before reaching your railway station.

But there is something that prevents you from fainting. It is the satisfaction of knowing that your mind has fought and won against the sickness of your body.

You have done your day's work, perhaps better than usual, you have held your tongue as to your illness, for you did not wish sympathy, you have carried things off as if you were in the pink of condition, and the result is satisfactory and stimulating.

Pluck in business is as necessary as pluck in sport, and there is the same satisfaction in the one as in the other, in knowing that you possess it.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

# BUSINESS

## FINANCE.

*(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.* —EDITOR.)

### THE AMERICAN POSITION.

There is not much doing on the Stock Exchange just now, nor is there any likelihood of greater activity until the turn of the year.

As was generally expected, cash has influenced votes more than the great personality of Roosevelt, and I am sorry to see it, as it leaves matters in the hands of the "bosses," which enables them to manipulate Wall Street in the old sweet way; whereas the success of Roosevelt candidates would have given the financial student far more chance of successfully forecasting the trend of the American market on merits.

### A WARNING.

I strongly advise readers to have nothing to do with the new Australian Gold Mining issues, not because the statements as to the enormous average which has resulted from the preliminary crushings may be misleading, but because the price of the shares has been "faked" on the Stock Exchange, instead of the full prospectus being issued to the public in the usual way.

Depend upon it this has been done to get rid of the shares on the public at an enhanced price; consequently these shares ought to be severely left alone.

Crushings showing 6 to 20oz. per ton are a simple matter when the ore is specially picked.

### RUBBER.

In answer to numerous correspondents anxious to invest in a promising Rubber Plantation at a cheap price, I advise a purchase of the shares of the Way-Halim (Sumatra) Rubber and Coffee Estates, Ltd. The 2s. fully paid shares are quoted on the Stock Exchange at 1s. 4½d., and are a real bargain.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**H. P.** (Durham).—(1) Know nothing about W. P. Gardens. The company you mention is a private one, and the only way to deal with the shares is through a private source or through the secretary. (2) No.

**H. F. HOLMES** (Manchester).—There appears to be some trouble on with the company you name, and your only course is to hold until the report is out, as the shares are unsaleable at present.

**Q. E. H.** (Bristol).—(1) Have nothing to do with them. (2) Good for their commitments.

**J. E.** (Aberdeen).—There are good and bad "outside" brokers. The firm you name are sound, otherwise their advertisements would not be allowed to appear in this paper. You must always remember, however, that no individual and no firm has the gift of second-sight. The advice given by them may not be profitable, though it is given in the best of good faith. When you want big profits you must take risks.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

## SPORTING CHAT.

RUGBY FOOTBALL circles are to lose a very prominent member, who is giving up the game to go on the concert platform. But as he has a strong voice, it is certain that he will be as much "on the bawl" as ever. I have not mentioned his name for the obvious reason that he may not estimate this little jape at its proper value.

* * *

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.—There is nothing to record under this heading just now, but I can fairly confidently assert that Mrs. Pankhurst will scratch Mr. Asquith at no very distant date.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR is, of course, a good driver, but I personally would be glad to see him get on a little better with his clique than he is doing at present.

* * *

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.—Yes, Balmy Billy, the Manchester November Handicap is the name given to a particular form of head-gear with ear flaps, for the reason that it is a handy cap to wear at Manchester in November.

* * *

IT IS A PITY that Bombadier Wells was not born with some other name. His own is painfully suggestive of water being drawn (from his eyes) not to mention claret from another part of him.

C. WHITE.

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# In Praise of Sawing—

A WEEKLY INCIDENT IN THE COTTAGER'S LIFE.

When I made a bolt for the country and ensconsed myself and my human and other belongings in a small cottage, I found that the question of fuel was always a critical one.

Five miles from little more than a few hundredweight of coal, to run short is a most serious thing. The snow may be a foot thick on the roads, coal merchants may be as busy as they desire to be, away in the town, and your postcard ordering, nay, imploring one of them to send out half a ton "to-morrow without fail" may go unheeded so long as orders nearer home and easier of execution come pouring in.

**WHEN COAL IS SCARCE.**

It happened once or twice that I was left with none, from such causes, and then I had to face the situation and see what could be done.

When in doubt in the country, especially if you are new to the country, it is well to find out what your neighbours do. So, without actually asking, I found that every cottager above the status of an old-age pensioner had at the back of his house a neatly-arranged pile of stout wood.

A cord of wood, I was told, could be had from the estate bailiff, and would cost me 10s. So a cord of wood I had, and have never been without fuel since.

Having got your wood you must saw it up. Now, I had not done much sawing since as a youth, fifteen years ago, I had nearly worked my way through an apple tree and two of my own fingers. Then I gave it up for a time. Now I have taken it up again, and as an exercise and a pleasant one I can recommend it heartily.

**PREPARING.**

Every Saturday morning I go out armed with my saw, and arrange the trestle on which I lay the logs for slaughter.

The wood lies piled against my fence, supported at each end by stout stakes. There are some hundreds of logs, each about five feet long, and varying in thickness from a stick that you might just get one hand round to tree trunks that you cannot quite get both hands round.

Rolling up my sleeves deliberately, I select my log, lay it across the trestle with just the length projecting that will fit the fireplaces for which the logs are intended.

Then, drawin gthe saw in one steady, upward stroke towards me I make my mark, as it were, on the log, and go steadily forward.

It has never ceased to surprise me what a variety of operations there are in sawing a log.

**EARLY TROUBLES.**

At first I frequently got the saw jammed tightly in the passage through the wood. This I found resulted from my failure to keep a perfectly straight line in my cutting. Now my eye is trained to a hair's breadth, and I seldom get the saw jammed.

Another trouble is that I begin the forward thrust, which does all the work, too soon. The result is that the saw sticks and bends viciously into a semi-circle.

With practice, however, I have attained a remarkable degree of proficiency, and have even learned to use the saw with both hands in turn. This is essential if you are to get all possible physical pleasure and profit out of the work.

There is a tremendous satisfaction in taking a long, stout, hard log from the heap and setting to work on it.

The tearing rush of the saw, deeper and

deeper into the heart of the wood, the light note of the upward lift and the harsher swish of the downward and forward thrust, make music in my ears, and I grip the saw-handle now with a terrific force, thoroughly enjoying the work.

My forearms, biceps, and hands have become completely changed, and the muscles of my chest that were formerly invisible, now begin to show in even ridges.

**MUSCULAR EFFORTS.**

My hands have become well hardened, and, consequently, my sawing exertions have enabled me to undertake toughish jobs which otherwise must have been left to a stronger man.

By degrees the heap of logs below you grows higher and higher. Each new piece drops with a hard, almost metallic clank on to the others, until thirty or forty pieces have been well and truly sawn, and are ready for almost immediate use.

The sweat gathers about the face after an hour's hard work like this; but it is work that must be done. If a virtue can be made of the necessity, so much the better.

The only drawback I can discover is the tendency of the exercise to create a slight backache, caused, probably, by the stooping posture necessitated by the work. This, however, is easily remedied by an occasional stretch. A forty yards stroll is a good reviver when fatigue is beginning to make itself felt.

When first I took to sawing I noticed my neighbours good-naturedly peeping to see how I managed the job. Country people have a great idea of a townsman's incompetence about such matters. It was all the pleasanter, then, to hear a remark, not intended for my ears: "He can saw a bit, though."

The note of surprise was very amusing, but I hope the note of half-acknowledged praise was fully justified.

I should think that sawing was good exercise for a boxer. Anyway it has given me new arms and a tremendous chest.

STANLEY VOUCHER.

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# REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

XIII.—IN CONCLUSION.

Those who have had the patience to [read] these random recollections will know [that] have knocked about the world pretty fr[eely] have known some fairly startling ups [and] downs, and have had some experiences w[hich] might be dignified by the title "adventures."

They will also know that I have put "talents" (please understand that I use [the] word in the Biblical sense) to little use, short, that I am a failure, as success goes this world.

"Am I downhearted?" *No*, a thousand times, *No*. Is it only the successful who get the most out of life? I doubt it.

Your successful man in the making is often like a motor-cyclist rushing through the country, oblivious to the landscape, blind to all the pageantry of life and Nature, a mere automaton on wheels.

And when he reaches his goal he is often too tired to enjoy the fruits of victory. Often, too, he is unfit. The gold dust has dimmed his eyes, he suffers from a sort of metallic myopy.

"Sour grapes," I daresay you will murmur, but I do not think I am an unhappy, soured man. I should like to have a little more money, or certainly to know that my family will not want if anything happens to me. But if it is not to be, well, let us make the best of things as they are.

Your successful man often sees only the worst side of human nature. But your failure knows the best of his fellow-men. Everyone wants to rob him, or to cheat him, or to do for him. Whatever regard he wins is for his own sake. So many well-to-do men worry themselves to death over trifles. Your failure stone learns to accept things as they come.

Of course, it is not exactly agreeable to have holes in your boots, but then many people have no boots at all.

If you only look at things in the right way you can always find someone worse off than yourself, and derive a somewhat cynical consolation from the fact.

If sometimes I am inclined to envy Tomlinson his thousands a year, childless home, and son, I know, envies me my romping kiddies.

I should like to write a great book or a great play, but, knowing I can't, I cheerfully reflect that there are crowds of journalists who don't make even half as much as I do.

All the land I shall ever own will be a few feet or so of earth, but I haven't to fill it. In Form Four. Being poor I can afford to live without pretence. Tomlinson is never afraid of his butler, and daren't have a glass of wine without his permission.

Our "general" is a friend of the [men], and I have a tankard of beer when[ever] feel inclined to.

The material things of the world are little, it is happiness that counts, and it is easy to be happy. The poorest man in the world can enjoy to the hilt the pleasure of fatigue, the contentment that comes of a hard day's work, a stiff walk across country, a turn-up with the gloves.

Our ideals of pleasure are our own, and if you cut your coat according to your cloth you can make of life a very pleasant thing.

"I wish I were you," men with soft billets sometimes say to me, "free to go when you like, no hours to keep, no [need] up every day to go through the same routine." They are foolish, they could find contentment in the regularity and certainty of their employment.

Happiness is the only thing that counts, and anybody can be happy if he tries. That is what a wandering and chequered life has taught me.

C. G. BULKELEY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

# RICHARD SELBY TRAPPED

By ADAM STERN.

A short, dark, wiry man in velveteens and gaiters stepped out into the road as Richard and Graill were passing.

"Excuse me," he said. "Is one of you two gentlemen Mr. Selby?"

Richard reined in his horse and looked at him. The man had come through the gate from a field adjoining Bagley Park, and was evidently a gamekeeper attached to the adjoining estate, though Richard did not remember having seen him before.

"Yes," he said, "that's my name," and looked inquiringly.

Graill rode slowly on, concluding that the man had a personal message for Richard from the Lyons.

"I hope you'll pardon me, sir," said the gamekeeper, approaching. "I want to ask you whether you know a cove named David [illegible]?"

"Yes, I know him," said Richard. "What about him?"

He knew him far more intimately than his tone conveyed, for David Woodhouse, an idle likeable scamp, having neither roof nor home in the neighbourhood, yet always managing to exist somehow, had often in years gone by been his companion on a nocturnal poaching expedition.

As Richard eyed the gamekeeper and wondered whether he was aware of the fact, he could not restrain a faint smile at the reflection.

"He's hurt, sir," said the gamekeeper, answering his question. "Had a bit of an accident—sprained his ankle, he says. I don't know as how it can be any affair of yours, but he seemed to think it was, and sent me to tell you."

"Sent *you?*" said Richard, puzzled. "I don't quite understand."

"Well, I'd better begin at the beginning, sir. You see, I'm new to this job—been lately taken on—and this morning I was having a look round when I hears a voice calling me from the spinney up yonder. I looks through a break in the hedge and sees a roughish chap sitting with his back against a tree. He calls me and I goes over to him.

"'Say, old pal,' he says, 'I've twisted my ankle cruel bad, and I can't move a inch. If you'll do me a good turn I'll do as much for you some day. There's a gentleman by name o' Richard Selby rides past the bottom o' that field every morning just before eight o'clock, and if you was to tell him what the trouble is, maybe he'd bring his nag along and give me a lift into Bagley.'

"That's what he told me, sir, though between you and me I'd seen his likes time and enough before, and if he had been on my territory, so to speak—which he wasn't, this land behind not being ours—I should have taken him to the lodge as a suspicious character. As it was, I had a look about, and seeing no pheasants or ground game—you know what I mean, sir—and him helpless with pain, I took him into the hut close by ——"

"Oh, he asked you to do that, did he?" interposed Richard pleasantly.

"Yes—because, as he said, the ground was damp and he'd be dryer under cover ——"

"And securer from observation"—was Richard's mental reservation.

"And then I strolled this way to keep an eye open for you. Hoping as I've taken no liberty, sir."

Richard was hugely amused, but maintained a controlled countenance. It was so like David's cool impudence, on finding himself in a predicament, to enlist the aid of one of his chosen enemies, doubtless recognising him as a newcomer and inexperienced.

"No liberty at all," Richard assured him. "On the contrary, very kind of you." A coin unobstrusively changed hands. "David is an old friend of mine, and I shall be only too glad to help him. Wait here a minute."

He cantered after Graill and told him laughingly of what had happened.

"You'd better go on and get the works started," he added. "I'll follow as soon as I can."

He rode back to the gamekeeper, dismounted, and led his house through the gate.

They walked together across the field to the spinney, which lay in a hollow about a quarter of a mile distant, and plunged into the shade and leafy smell of the trees.

The gamekeeper went on ahead rather quickly, as though anxious to get the business over and to return to his proper duties, and Richard followed with his arm through the bridle, treading soundlessly as was his instinctive custom in woods.

They reached a clearing, and there lying back was the hut—or, rather, a strongly-built cabin of tarred wood, evidently used for implements, for a barrow with tools in it stood near the closed door, and a ladder was leaning against one side.

Richard tethered his horse to a tree, and joined his companion who was waiting outside the door. He noticed that he looked uncomfortable.

"I won't stay any longer, sir," said the gamekeeper.

"No, there's no necessity," said Richard, who thought it just as well to be rid of him. "Thanks very much for your trouble."

And as the man opened the door he stepped into the cabin and glanced round. The interior was gloomy, there being no window; and suddenly it became darker still as the light behind him was shut off, and immediately on this there came the sound of a turning key. Richard wheeled with swift surprise.

He had already observed that the cabin was empty, and flashingly surmised that David had fooled the gamekeeper; but, now, without a moment's pause, he launched the whole weight of his body against the door.

It did not yield. It was stout and cross-timbered, and as rigid as a rock.

He strained with his powerful shoulders, he levered with his knees; then he retreated a pace and crashed his heel over the keyhole again and again.

"That's no good," he said at last.

He desisted, with lips compressed and eyes glittering. Breath was coming short and sharp through his nostrils, but he smiled grimly in his own despite.

"You fool," he muttered. "Walked right into it with your eyes open. Serves you right. Damn.

"Now what's the next move to be? And whose little game is this, I wonder?"

He listened, hearing a scratching noise outside.

It came from the gamekeeper, who was attaching a heavy padlock to the staple at the top and bottom of the door. While he was thus engaged, another man—bullet-headed, pock-marked and vicious-looking—emerged from behind the hut and watched him till the job was done, smiling with yellow teeth.

Then he climbed the ladder, and, sliding aside the cover of a small aperture in the roof above the door, lowered his face and looked through.

Richard followed the beam of light upwards and saw eyes.

"Good-morning," he said drily, "I congratulate you."

He had recovered his composure by now, and was filling his pipe.

"Still a cool 'un," said a rasping, staccato voice. "That being so, we can commence to talk business."

"Talk away," said Richard, striking a match.

"We want you, without any sass, to get out your cheque-book and to draw a cheque for five hundred pounds, payable to bearer. Along with it you'll send a note to the bank-manager saying it's all right. I shall wait here, talking friendly-like while my pal goes for the money, and if everything's serene, we shall clear off and leave you to get out as best you can. It won't be so easy, but a resourceful man like you ought to manage it, given the time. All that plain to you?"—

"Clear as noonday," answered Richard. "You recite it like a lesson. Anything else?"

"Yes. This land's untenanted for the time being, and we're not going to be disturbed—don't you delude yourself! Also, we're men who know what we want and generally see a thing through that we've started on. If you won't do what we ask—there's underbrush and twigs piled up at the back here, already soaked with paraffin, and we shall fire it without compunction, and leave you to frizzle."

No change of voice accompanied the final words. In spite of this, or because of it, they made Richard jerk up his chin; they caused his muscles to tighten and his jaw to protrude.

"Oh," he said, "that's the alternative, is it! And who might you be, my friend?"

"I see myself telling you," was the sarcastic answer. "All this nice and careful arrangement is just so as to prevent your knowing. Enough for you that I'm a man who keeps his word, a man you owe something to, who's been waiting for years to square the account. Don't fall into the error of thinking I'm not serious. I've got other means of persuasion ready if you don't come up to scratch, but I sha'n't use it unless you force me, because the process would be painful. I should fetch out your cheque-book, Mr. Selby."

"You must be a local man," mused Richard; "or how should you have known that David Woodhouse was a name to conjure with?"

"Clever," sneered the other; "but he spends half his time propping up the village inn, and he happens to blab when he's tight."

"Yes, that is a failing of his," agreed Richard.

He was gazing abstractedly upwards, puffing hard at his pipe. He removed it from his mouth, and with a sudden movement flung up the hot ashes of the tobacco into the other's eyes. The man raised his face with

an oath, and, framed above the aperture, Richard caught a glimpse of his features.

"Why," he said ironically; "it's Silas Brigg! Silas Brigg, who got penal servitude for attempting to rob me with violence in a train one night. How many years ago, Silas? Must be getting on for five. And you haven't reformed yet, for all a benevolent country has done its best for you!"

It was reckless to taunt, but Richard's blood was up.

A voice hissed back—"You'll wish you hadn't done that, Richard Selby,"—and Richard, awakening now to the perilousness of his position, turned and with quick steps went round the cabin, testing the boards with his hands, finding that they overlapped, were fastened with long, hammered-down nails, and almost as impregnable as the door itself.

He stood, glancing round keenly for another avenue of escape. His eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, and with a thrill he discerned that the hinges of the door were screwed on the inside.

He felt for his knife—a knife of a manifold pattern, containing a turnscrew—and in another moment was on one knee in the corner, attacking the lower hinge.

"Drop that carpentering, or you'll be sorry," rasped Silas Brigg, who was directly above him.

Richard worked on, ignoring him. Two or three spots of liquid fell on his hand, and he had to suck in his lips to avoid uttering a cry.

He got up and backed, rubbing his hand fiercely on his thigh.

"By *gad!*" he gasped.

"I *told* you," said Silas Brigg. "Vitriol's nasty stuff—too nasty for even your strong stomach.

"I've got a supply of it here, and a syringe. If you don't write out that cheque instanter, I'll spray you with it."

There was no mistaking his callous determination.

Richard retreated still farther, his lips bloodless and the shadow of horror in his eyes.

With a mighty effort he pulled himself together, and examined his injury, prodding the flesh with his fingers. Another sort of acid was eating into his heart—the corroding consciousness of helplessness. He dropped his hands to his sides with a laugh.

"Well thought out," he said. "I've either got to be roasted or pickled, it seems."

"The cheque will save both."

"I don't carry a cheque-book with me."

"That's more than likely a lie,"—which it was—"a man like you always carries his cheque-book. But turn out your pockets, and we'll see."

"If I haven't?" queried Richard, not obeying.

"Then you'll write a note at my dictation to Mr. Graill, asking him to send it."

"You've allowed for everything?" said Richard sarcastically.

"I knew I'd got to—with you. But we've palavered long enough. I'm growing tired." The nozzle of a small syringe was directed through the aperture. "I give you one minute now, and no longer."

Richard moved rapidly from the danger zone to the other end of the cabin.

"Good heavens," he groaned out; "is there *no* way out of this?"

Silas Brigg's voice pursued him. "That won't help you. There's several holes bored in this roof, and I've only got to move the ladder."

"Move it then, and be damned!" muttered Richard.

He had found a board which seemed weaker than the rest and was squatting on his heels digging up the earth with his knife and fingers. If he could but obtain a grip of the board from beneath, he felt it in him to tear down the structure with his hands,

He heard the ladder being moved.

"Curse!" he said through his teeth.

He turned up his coat-collar, rammed his cap over his ears, and put on his gloves. Then, crouching down with his chin on his chest, he toiled away, risking the liquid hell from above.

"I don't want to do it," rasped Silas Brigg.

Richard paid no heed, and his almost incredible courage induced Brigg to watch him for a minute in silence.

"I'm going to let fly," he threatened, and at that moment Richard obtained his hold.

He tugged desperately, straining and wrenching until the blood sang in his ears and his eyeballs were sockets of flame. Brigg, realising the possibility that he might escape after all, became infected with excitement and drove the plug of the syringe home. He was a short distance to the right of Richard, and the hurry of his aim caused the jet to fall wide. He turned and shouted something.

There was a sound of splitting wood, and Richard staggered half across the cabin with a piece of the board in his hands.

Regaining his balance, he savagely tossed it aside. It had broken off less than a foot from the bottom.

"That don't improve matters," he gritted. "Makes 'em worse if anything. This is getting just a little bit too hot to last. What's to be done next? Where's Brigg?"

Brigg had disappeared.

"Gone for more ammunition, has he? Well, while he's doing that ——"

All at once he glanced sideways and listened. Voices were engaged in altercation outside, then a loud call reached his ears. He answered it—the nightjar call—the old poaching signal.

"David, by the lord!" he said.

His shout rang out: "Let 'em have it, Dave. Quick and strong—right and left. Don't spare 'em."

A scuffle ensued, followed by an oath and the pad of running feet.

Richard's features twitched. Was it David who had run?

"Dick!"—in a hoarse whisper. "That be you, ain't it?"

"Sure as judgment," said Richard, joyfully. "You've put 'em to flight, then?"

"Lammed 'em be-oo-tiful. I saw your nag a while ago and crep' up an' listened. Thought there was someat funny in the wind. What brings you in theer?"

"Let me get out first. I've got to unscrew these hinges. Keep your eyes skinned. They're ugly customers if they take a fancy to return."

"*I say!* Oh strike!" It was a cry of alarm.

"What's up?"

"They've fired the shed. It's blazin' like fury at the back. Thought I smelt someat burnin'. One of 'em went that way. You'll have to look slippy."

"Get and do something," shouted Richard.

"You bet."

David never wasted words when action was required. Nor did Richard. He stooped and began feverishly to ply the turnscrew.

The screws were rusted and deeply embedded, and it was neither a rapid nor an easy task to loosen them. Meanwhile a dull roar arose and the air became acrid with smoke.

Richard glanced over his shoulder. The far end of the cabin was a wall of charred wood, and even as he looked, flames burst through and began to lick up the roof. The bottom hinge still remained stubborn.

"This won't do," he said.

"David," he yelled. "A log or something. No, the *ladder*. And charge that end. Can you hear me?"

"Ay, I'm doin' it. Lie down on your face."

A crash and a shower of sparks. Another crash, and another.

Richard coughed and choked, and dropped prostrate.

"It's givin'," called David. "One more try."

Part of the cabin collapsed, and a wave of heat dried Richard's skin. He climbed warily to his feet.

"Don't wait," yelled David. "You'll have to chance it. Dick! Dick! I'll fetch meself if you don't."

"I'm coming," said Richard.

* * * * * * *

He rode hard to the nearest telephone box to give a description of the men to the police. They were in custody before the day was out.

Both were notorious convicts, and received a sentence of seven years' penal servitude apiece.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.* EDITOR.]

## JUSTIFIABLE DISOBEDIENCE.

In the course of his remarkable defence Lieutenant Sutor contended that a soldier is sometimes justified in disobeying an order, and cited Balaclava as an instance.

Unquestionably it is sometimes quite as much a soldier's duty to disobey as to obey.

For example, suppose an officer goes out of his mind and orders a soldier to shoot a comrade. If the man obeyed he would be liable to be tried for murder, and could not successfully plead that he acted under orders.

If a soldier obeys an order which he cannot reasonably be supposed to know is illegal he does so at his own risk, and must take the full consequences of his act.

While it is always extremely risky for a soldier or sailor to disobey a legal command it has been done with impunity apart from the historic instance of Nelson and the telescope to his blind eye. For instance, after the disaster at Isandula, orders were sent out to Lord Chelmsford, the General in command, telling him that he was superseded, and ordering him to refrain from further operations.

Lord Chelmsford, so the story goes, had a shrewd idea of the contents of the dispatch and carefully refrained from opening it until after he had fought and won the battle of Ulundi and thus restored British prestige.

The ramming of the "Victoria" by the "Camperdown" was a case where disobedience would have been justifiable, and anyway, would have saved a terrible disaster.

Nevertheless, a year or two ago, a precisely similar situation arose during naval manœuvres, and a junior Admiral disobeyed the Commander-in-Chief's signal.

The two were on bad terms, but fortunately the elder man was a gentleman, and he publicly acknowledged that his subordinate's "insubordination" was justifiable—on this occasion.

As a rule, however, he is either a very brave or a very foolish man who disobeys the legal order of a superior.

## BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

**L. F.** (Coventry).—Get some other officer to have a look at you before you appear on parade for the first time. There are many little pitfalls in connection with the putting on of the uniform, and you must, of course, be correctly dressed. Many regiments have a peculiarity of their own, as in the fixing of the sword knot.

**H. KEEN,** 163, The Boundary, Cricklewood, N.W., wants to meet a reader in his vicinity who is interested in boxing.

**J. C. H.** (Halstead).—A good book on boxing is that issued by Spalding at sixpence. Don't rely wholly on books, however, but get a few practical lessons from some pal who knows the game.

**J. D. V.** (Stirling).—We never disclose contributors' addresses, for their protection as well as ours.

**F. H. T.** (Brockenhurst).—Try skipping and long-distance walking; these will soon strengthen your ankles.

**D. F.** (Newcastle).—No steps have yet been taken to form a MODERN MAN club in your town.

**"PRINTING"** (Sparkbrook).—The name of the firm printing any paper will be found on the last page of that paper.

**A. R.** (Ramsgate).—You were quite right to have the trousers of your new suit finished with "turn-ups." They are still fashionable with all lounge suits, and are likely to remain so.

**H. H. M.** (Edinburgh).—We have already dealt with blackmailing papers and their methods. We refuse to exclude the advertisers referred to as we have not so far had one complaint from any reader who has dealt with them. It would be unfair if we acted on the unsupported statement of a paper which lives by garbage-raking and libel.

**L. R.** (Blackpool) calls our Captain Saunders a fidgetty old dandy. The Captain has been speaking to the muscular Mr. Mitchell about the matter.

**T. G.** (Leicester).—It is a simple matter to have the leggings altered. If they come down too far on the boots they will be very uncomfortable. Get half an inch cut off them. The springs can easily be readjusted by the saddler who does the job for you. The ordinary cobbler is hopeless for work of this kind.

**A. W.** (Stirling).—Paper cuff-protectors are not out of place in the office, but they are very much out of place everywhere else. Take them off whenever you leave your desk.

**H. S.** (Yarmouth).—You can't do better than join the Norfolk Yeomanry. If you want about ten pages in praise of that redoubtable corps, you had better write to the Editor privately.

**T. H. R.** (Bristol).—Occasionally advertisements appear concerning vacancies in Colonial police forces, but it is very difficult to get in, as there are always many more applicants than there are jobs.

**W. L.** (Swindon).—Why not take up cross-country running? It is one of the best sports going, and one of the least expensive.

**D. H.** (Carnarvon) is highly disgusted with the present regrettable state of sin we live in, and he suggests that we publish a black list, in each number, of weekly evil-doers. Sorry, but we've only twenty-four pages at our disposal.

**C. T.** (Belfast).—All your horse wants is more work. That will soon make him quiet. If you can't ride him enough yourself, lend him occasionally to someone who can; but be sure of your friend's ability in the saddle. A bad rider will spoil any horse.

**L. D.** (Sydenham).—Blackburn Rovers won the cup in 1889-90 and in the following season.

**"GENTLEMAN CYCLIST"** (Walthamstow).—No, Mr. B. Athlone does not carry two horns, a syren, and a tyre bell.

**J. C.** (Durham).—We cannot recommend participation in foreign lotteries, though we believe some are genuine. Many of the firms who send their circulars to this country are fraudulent, having no right to sell tickets, and, in many cases, no tickets to sell. The receipts they give you for your money are worth no more than the value of the paper they are written on. There are a few honest lottery agents, but very few. Leave the whole thing alone.

**L. D. M.** (Winchester), suggests that Christmas carollers should be abolished. Doubtless they will wait and see.

**H. W.** (Leicester), wants to know why men ever use obscene language. Touch a red-hot poker, H. W., and learn.

**A. M.** (S. Shields), **A. McG.** (Glasgow), **V. C.** (Horsham), **E. G.** (Winnipeg), **A. J. D.** (Taunton), **T. M. W.** (Poplar), **J. F. F.** (Weymouth), **G. H.** (Sheffield), **A. W. A.** (Birmingham), **C. R.** (Dublin), **G. A. S.** (Manchester).—Pray accept our thanks.


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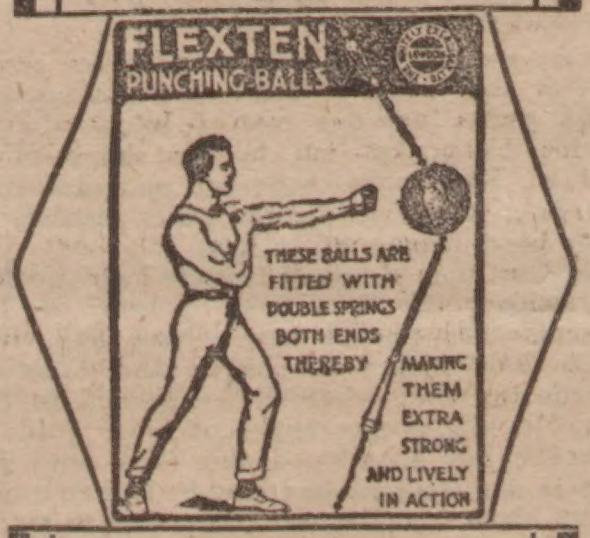
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## SOME BRIDGE HINTS.

### THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF A GREAT CARD-GAME.

The "declaration" is very important at Bridge. It is made, of course, either by you as dealer or by your partner.

The dealer makes trumps when he is in a position to say "no trumps," hearts or diamonds, he "leaves it" to his partner to declare what shall be trumps when weak in these respects.

It is safe, in fact imperative, to declare "no trumps" when you have four aces in your own hand, or three aces and one other court card.

It is good play also to make "no trumps" on two aces and a guarded king and queen in other suits, while it is fairly safe to make a "no trumper" on one ace and three kings, or even on two kings and two guarded queens, provided you have an ace and some fairly good non-court cards.

Five hearts with two honours, or six hearts and one honour are good enough to declare "hearts" while, if you have four honours in hearts or diamonds you may safely make either of them trumps.

Failing such cards you must "leave it" to your partner. His position in declaring is different from the dealer's, because as soon as the first card is led his hand is exposed on the table, and, practically, he takes no further part in the game.

A "sporting" declaration that would be justifiable in dealer may be very bad play when made by his partner. Failing strength in "no trumps" hearts or diamonds, you must declare a black suit, preferably spades.

At the beginning of a game it is rank bad play for the dealer to declare spades, because spade tricks count lowest and his partner may be strong in more valuable suits, but suppose you only want four for game and you can make them in spades then declare them.

The next point is "doubling." You should double "no trumps" when you hold a suit of six or seven headed by ace, king, and queen.

Double "hearts" holding five with two honours, or six and one honour and a strong general hand, and the same applies to diamonds and clubs. Spades you may double on a weaker hand than the foregoing.

Now, as to the lead when it is a "no trumper," *always*, with one exception, lead from your longest suit even when you have not an honour in it. The exception is when your partner has doubled a "no trumps" declaration. Then you should lead the highest card of your shortest and weakest suit because he won't have doubled unless he is very strong in one suit, and this is probably the one in which you are weakest. By leading the highest card you "clear" his strong suit.

When there are trumps the general rule is to lead your highest cards from a suit of five, headed by ace, and king. By doing so you part with the command of the suit, but to hold up the ace or king might result in its being trumped.

But with "no trumps" declared you should keep the command of your long suit unless very strong in it.

Supposing dummy on your left has ace, queen, and ten of a suit. You lead a small one and thereby put him in a dilemma. If he puts on his ten or queen your partner may take the trick with the knave or king, while if he planks down his ace your partner holding the king guarded will be left in command of the suit.

As a general rule, always return your partner's lead as soon as you can, and, further, never keep a high card of your partner's suit unless you have a little one of it as well. The discard is of great importance as a guide to your partner.

A. BOLDERSTONE.

# The Outer Man

**A WEEKLY FEATURE.**

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

### THE DICTATES OF FASHION.

While everyone should pay a liberal amount of attention to prevailing fashions, no man should slavishly follow the ruling set down by those in a position to know "what's what."

A touch of originality will always brighten a man's appearance even if his clothes are not cut in quite the latest style. It is, of course, impossible for a writer on dress to suggest these deviations which can only be determined by the man himself, so that fashion experts must rest content with merely describing the latest styles.

Often a man attired in quite the latest thing in clothes will resemble a tailor's dummy, and, after all, he is little more.

Perhaps he may gain a reputation for being well-dressed, but he can never claim that attractiveness which should characterise the smart man.

### TURNING UP THE COLLAR.

A correspondent writes commenting upon what he terms "the absurd custom of turning up the overcoat collar at every conceivable opportunity."

I must say that I entirely disagree with the point of view he favours. An up-turned coat collar will often impart a smart military appearance to a man otherwise slipshod in his gait. Also, it adds to the apparent height.

Mind you, I do not for one moment contend that, during passably fine weather, the collar should be turned up, but with winter close upon us we have ample opportunity for displaying ourselves to our most military advantage without bringing down upon ourselves unkind criticism.

Many overcoats will show an inch or two of linen collar at the back, and this has a most unpleasing effect. With the collar turned up, this happening is, of course, rendered impossible.

Still another point in favour of turning up the collar lies in the fact that when an overcoat is constantly hung upon a hook—not on a hanger—the material tends to stick out behind the neck.

Turning up the collar helps to prevent this unpleasant happening.

### UMBRELLAS.

Now that our English climate has given us a foretaste of its drizzling rainy days, we naturally turn our purchasing thoughts to the question of umbrellas.

A good umbrella should be procured, for there are too many frauds in connection with the trade to enable one to purchase cheaply and with safety.

In buying, pay special attention to the junction where the material ends and the stick begins. It is here that early signs of wear first show themeselves.

While giving due attention to the cloth, it is advisable to examine the metal parts. The disastrous effects of a loose spoke need no comment—they are too well known.

The handle will not, of course, be neglected. Do not go in for a too elaborate design, a plain bend tipped with solid silver should be quite enough relief. Some people may prefer horsey tops or dogs' heads to carry, and if these are in keeping with the rest of the man's outfit, they look very well.

### ON POCKETS.

Every man has his little peculiarities, some whim or fancy that requires an extra pocket.

One rather nervous man I know always has his hip-pocket cut in the shape of a revolver. He always carries an unloaded firearm about when visiting the queer districts to which his business takes him.

Another has a small square-inch pocket just behind the top front button of his trousers. The pocket has a long flap, two and a half inches in length and tapering towards the end, where it is fastened to the cloth. In this pocket he keeps loose gold.

But he has abandoned this idea now, for when in a restaurant he found he had no small change about him, he was compelled to manipulate the secret pocket.

Neither of these men must be considered strange, for everyone carts some peculiar thing about with him.

My advice, generally, is to have as many pockets as possible, but do not fill them up to the detriment of the shape of a suit.

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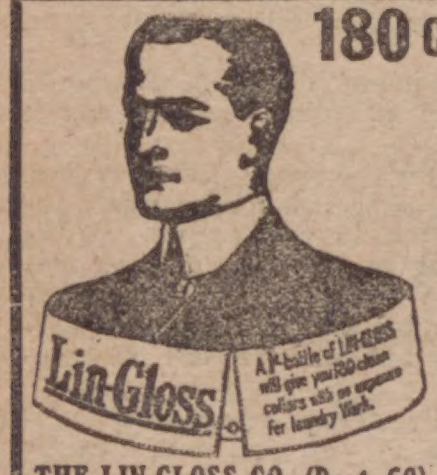


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In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

**In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.**

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

## DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Elegant guinea black kid boots, eight's, medium toes, little worn; accept 7s. 6d.—Box 3862, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's evening dress suit, latest cut and style, never worn, cost £5 10s., suit well-built man 5ft. 8in.-9in.; accept £2 15s.—Box 3866, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3650, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Always well-dressed on 1s. a year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Socks! Socks!! Socks!!!—As an advertisement, and for a short time only, we will send, post free and to any address, three pairs of our Marvel Hose for the small sum of 1s. 4d. The quality and superior finish of these socks is in every respect equal to those sold at 1s. 6d. per pair.—The Marvel Hose Co., 111, Amhurst Road, London, N.E.

The well-dressed man, and the man that wants to look smart, should read Lin-Gloss & Co.'s advertisement, page 24.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

League member shares exclusive racing intelligence (from stable) with sportsmen paying part postage.—Box 3869, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Maxic-Saldo's celebrated system of physical development, cost £2 2s.; develops concentration, gives quickest results; sell 15s. 6d.—Powell, 20, Graham Road, Chiswick, London, W.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For quiet sport—a noiseless, effective pistol, 30s.; particulars free.—B. Pusey, 12, Woodlands Road, Ilford.

Albert Smith, expert in the manufacture of fishing rods, reels, lines, hooks, and general tackle, is now supplying anglers in all parts of the world direct from his new factory. Catalogues free.—Only address, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

Grip dumbbells, Sandow's plated, seven springs, as new; cost 12s. 6d. What offers?——Box 3864, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Stevens rifle, 22. ideal; exchange 120 incubator, hot air, never used. Offers.—Box 3845, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

New B.S.A. air rifle, cost £2 10s., kills up to 50 yards, very accurate, with cover and sight-protector; offers.—Box 3872, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## CYCLES, &c.

Gent.'s new Hudson, Sturmey-Archer 3-speed, 26in.; sound and reliable; 50s.; near offer.—Box 3865, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair motor goggles, brand new, never been used; 2s. 6d.; bargain.—Box 3876, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

The great and well-known firm of Lin-Gloss are offering sole buying rights for their well-known patent article "Lin-Gloss." £5 per week easily earned, with very little trouble and no outlay.—Full particulars, write Agency Dept., The Lin-Gloss Co., 58, Cheapside, E.C.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

## DOGS.

Bull terrier bitch, accept 20s., 18 months old; pedigree; good reason for selling.—Box 3867, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

Camera (3½ by 3½), takes plates or films, with lamp, dishes, and dark slides; cost 55s.; 27s. 6d., or offers.—Box 3860, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Aluminium pocket folding camera, four double slides (3½in. by 2½in.); good condition; £1.—Box 3863, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Brownie No. 2 folding camera, Kodak daylight developer, four printing frames, for 18s. 6d.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

For Books, see Davies and Widdowson's advertisement, page 19.

For sale, 12 volumes Scott's novels, quite new; cost 40s., accept 25s.—Box 3871, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## MUSIC.

Cornet (brass) with echo attachment, in good condition; price £1.—Box 3868, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## FINANCIAL, &c.

Money Wanted.—Certain six per cent. per annum, payable quarterly; bond for double amount invested. — "Discounts," Box 3873, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Ashanti Goldfields shares wanted to purchase, up to five.—Box 3877, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£25 will secure half share placing largely used proprietary article on market. Immense profits.—Particulars, Box 3878, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## MEDICAL, &c.

Secret of a harem slave; a fragrant, dreamy, Oriental perfume for men, 6d.—Binn, 4, Pit Lane, Bradford.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe, P.O., 1s.—Box 3584, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3585, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3586, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Home-made embrocation, best and cheapest, bottles 5d.; recipe for 1s.—L. Smith, Rosebank, Brede, Sussex.

Perspiring feet, safe and certain cure; receipt P.O. 1s.—Box 3870, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Highly recommended cures for corns, chilblains, sore and tender feet; wonderful results; 1s. P.O. for each recipe.—Box 3874, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ENGLISH MAKE, glove and handkerchief cases. Grand value, post free, approval; 1s. 6d. for 1s.; 2s. 6d. for 2s.; 5s. for 4s.; 6s. 6d. for 5s.—Smith and Hancox, Mail Order Specialists, Redditch.

Conjuror's and Illusionist's secrets, list 3d.—Wilson, 323, New Hey Road, Bradford.

A Fountain Pen for 10d., post free.—Our latest invention, the "Swift" fountain pen, is an absolutely world's wonder, always ready for use, no ink or filling required, best finish.—Send P.O., 10d. to-day, J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Why be short? when my method will not fail to make you tall. Send P.O. 5s.—Box 3861, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

**2/6 SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/-**
With extra blades, complete in case; excellent quality; marvellous value. Send to-day. P.O. 1s. 1d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Christmas will cost you less if you make your own presents; postcard for particulars.—B. Pusey, 12, Woodlands Road, Ilford.

Free! 1,000 gent's double simulation gold alberts to every purchaser of one of our 3s. 6d. gent's simulation gold keyless watches. Guaranteed perfect timekeepers. We will present absolutely free a beautiful double albert.—Send P.O. 3s. 6d., and three penny stamps for postage and packing, to-day to J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Doctor's gig, in splendid condition, "C" springs, upholstered green, complete £5 10s., bargain.—Box 3866, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring.—Twelve novelties, 7d.—Paul Vandy, Magical Pastime Co., 108, Strand, London.

A Genuine Offer!—25,000 knives, shop price 3s. 6d., our price 1s.; the finest quality, the thinnest and the most handiest knife in the world (patent); guaranteed two of the finest Sheffield blades in English oxydised steel handles.—Send 1s. P.O. to The International Patent Novelties Co. (Dept. K), 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A golden offer. Gent's tie-pin, exceptionally handsome, 1s. post free.—J. Treasure and Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth-date and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years' guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Llandaff, Glam.

**PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.**
**Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.**
**Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.**

**12S. 6D.**—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

**10S. 6D.**—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

**10S. 6D.**—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

**19S. 6D.**—Gent.'s £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40-inch breast, never worn; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

**19S. 6D.**—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

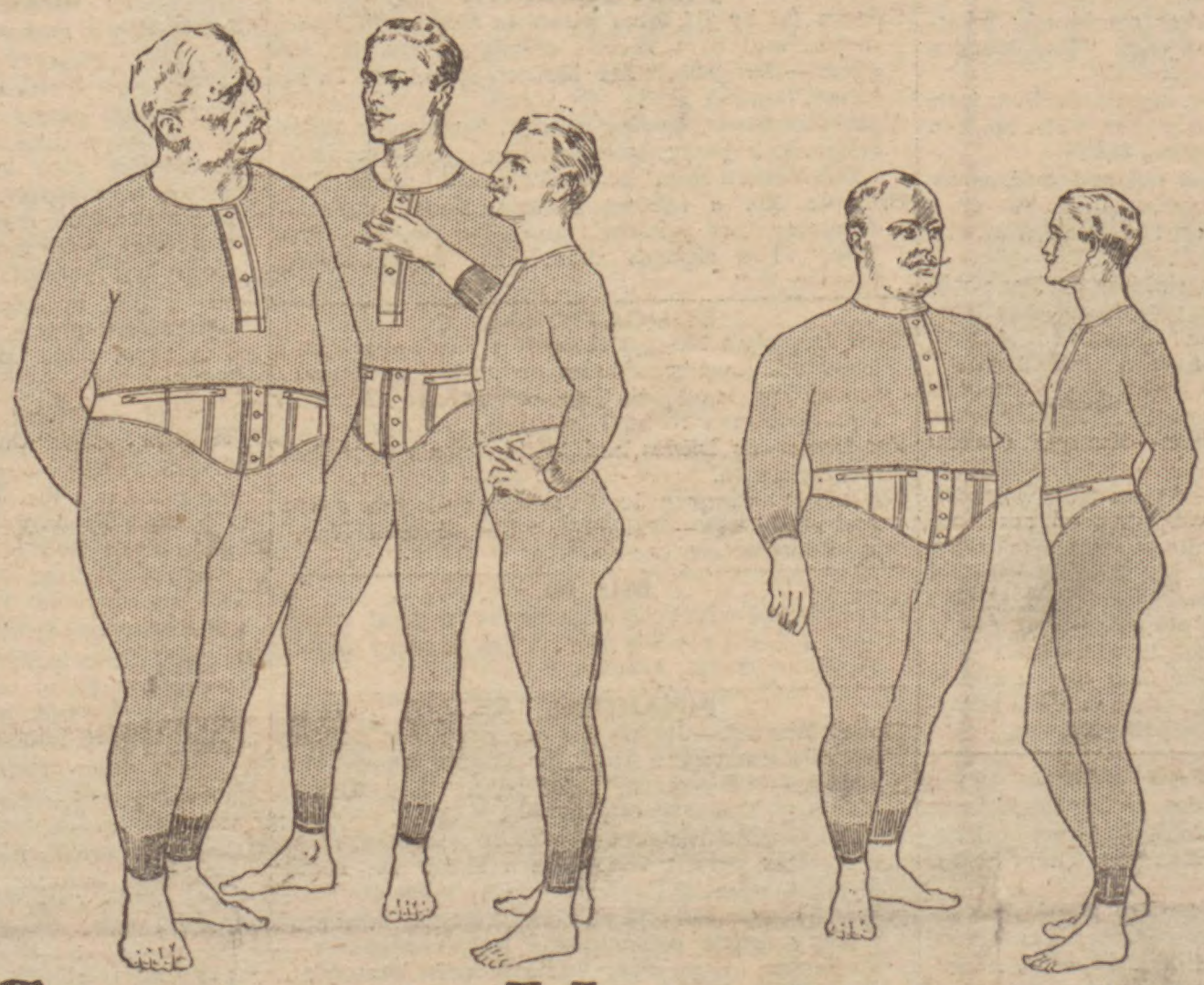
**12S. 6D.**—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

**£1 1S.**—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice £1 1s. Approval willingly.

**DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.**

*Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Advertisement Manager,* THE MODERN MAN, *19, 21 & 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.*
*Editorial Communications to be addressed to* THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

**Whether you are Tall and Stout—Tall and Slender—Short and Stout—Short and Slender, or of Average proportions**



# CUTUNA UNDERWEAR

(GRADUATED LENGTH . . . . . UNSHRINKABLE)

**Will Fit you Comfortably—Perfectly**

It provides, in addition to the chest or waist size you require, the correct length of sleeve in vests and leg in pants. It affords a choice from three leg and sleeve lengths to every waist size and chest size respectively. No other underwear in the whole world offers so great a surety of a correct and comfort-giving fitting: no underwear is better value as regards material and workmanship.

The fine materials used in its manufacture are beautifully soft—cosy to the skin—good for appearance and for wear. At the seat, and front of thigh, where hard wear falls, the wool is more closely woven, giving it much greater resisting power and consequently greatly increasing the life of the garment. "Cutuna" Underwear is positively guaranteed against shrinkage: any garment which shrinks being replaced without question or quibble. The following are the Prices (Out-Size Chest and Waist Measures slightly extra):—

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